POEMS

UPON

Several Occasions.

By DANIEL BAKER, M. A.

Sometimes of *Gonvil* and *Caius* Coll.
in CAMBRIDGE.

Virgil. Eclog. 9.

——————— *Me quoque dicunt*
Vatem Pastores; sed non ego credulus illis.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Jones*, at the *Dolphin* and *Crown*
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To the Honourable

Sir *RALPH HARE*,

OF

STOW-HALL

IN THE

County of Norfolk,

BARONET;

These Poems

ARE

Most Humbly Dedicated,

BY HIS

Most Obliged and most
Obedient Servant,

DAN. BAKER.

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MIS-

MISCELLANIES
AND
Tranſlations.

On Mr. Abraham Cowley's *WORKS.*

I.

THE *Britiſh* Land in former Time
Was thought too phlegmatick a Clime,
Too cold for Verſe to thrive and grow
On ſuch a heavy Soil: But now,
Nor *Greece* may boaſt, nor *Rome* that ſhe
Surpaſſes her in Poetry.

II.

Homer and *Virgil* lately were,
'Til *Cowley* rose, the famous Pair:
But him they gladly now admit,
To the Triumvirate of Wit,
And grant, that tho' the Younger, yet
His Praise, the Poet's Wealth's as great.

III.

These mighty Three so well are joyn'd,
'Twould pose the wisest Judge to find
Which of them all does most excel
In Honour's strife. But more to tell
What happy Realm shall raise a Fourth
To equal Fame, by equal Worth.

The Retreat.

I.

PArdon me Friend, that I so soon
Forsake this great tumultuous Town.
And on the sudden hasten down;

II.

That I Preferment court no more,
But all my Hopes and Cares give o'er
While I'm Young, and while I'm Poor.

III.

My ſelf no longer I'll deprive
Of thoſe kind Minutes Heav'n does give.
No Man makes haſte enough to live.

IV.

Let them ſtay longer who deſire
Above their Father's Wealth t' aſpire,
And raiſe their Names and Fortunes higher.

V.

That are content to cringe and bow,
To flatter, bribe, and wait; for ſo
Preferment muſt be bought, you know.

VI.

Give me free Nature's ſolid Goods
Open Fields, and ſecret Woods,
Healthful Hills, and cryſtal Floods.

VII.

A ſmall, but ſprucely furniſh'd Houſe,
A Garden for Delight and Uſe,
A learned Friend, and gentle Muſe.

VIII.

Nights full of Sleep, Days void of Strife,
And to compleat this heav'nly Life,
An humble, cheerful, country Wife.

IX.

Thus, oh! thus let me obſcurely lie!
Thus let my wel-ſpent Hours ſlide by!
Thus let me live! thus let me die!

Out of Horace.

Carmin. Lib. 2. Od. 8. *Ulla ſi juris*, &c.

IF ever this thy frequent breach of Oath
Had puniſh'd been with one black Tooth,
If but one Nail, or Hair of thine had bin
Leſs ſmooth or curled for thy Sin,

I would believe the Gods above take Care
  To puniſh ſuch as do forſwear.
But thou, as ſoon as black falſe Oaths thou'ſt ſwore,
  Shin'ſt out far brighter than before
(Like the Sun breaking from a Cloud) and art
  The only Care of every Heart.
It mends thy Beauty, thine own Mothers Grave
  To violate, and her Ghoſt deceive;
To make the Stars of Heav'n avouch thy lies,
  And e'en the immortal Deities.
Venus her ſelf laughs and her Nymphs at this
  A ſport to cruel Love it is,
Who makes thy faithleſs Vows ſerve for a Stone
  To whet his bloody Darts upon.
Nay, all the Youth, (poor ign'rant Tribe) for thee
  Grows up a new Captivity:
Nor have we (tho' we threaten it oft) the Power,
  Old Fools! to leave thy wicked Door.
Thee for her Sons the careful Mother fears,
  And cov'tous old Men for their Heirs;

And poor young Women, left thy pow'rful Charms
Should draw their Husbands from their tender Arms.

Out of Horace:

Carm. Lib. 3. Od. 11. *Mercuri, nam te, &c.*

I.

FAir *Maia*'s Son (for by thy learned Art
Amphion e'en hard Stones did move)
Appeaſe the ſtubborn Anger of my Love,
And move her harder Heart.

II.

And thou, my Muſick which in former Years
Waſt a poor dumb neglected thing;
But now in Churches, and at Feaſts doſt Sing,
Charm, charm her ſullen Ears.

II.

Who, like a Fillie in the flow'ry Mead,
Runs up and down, and won't be caught,

Un-

Unripe for Marri'ge yet, ſhe wont be brought
Unto the genial Bed.

IV.

Swiſt Tygers thou, and Woods canſt draw along,
And rowling Rivers canſt recall:
The Surly Porter of the infernal Hall
Submitted to thy Song;

V.

Ev'n *Cerberus*, tho about his monſtrous Head
An Hundred Helliſh Serpents crawl
And from his Triple Mouth black Foams does fall,
And poiſnous Breath is ſhed.

VI.

Thou mad'ſt *Ixion* 'gainſt his Will to ſmile,
And *Tityus* laugh amidſt his Pains,
While *Danau*'s Daughters liſten'd to thy Strains,
Their Tubs ſtood drie a while.

VII.

O tell my Love what cruel Pains attend,
Hard-hearted Maids in Hell:
Bid her by what these wicked Maids befel,
Take warning and amend.

VIII.

O wicked Maids! what more can hellish spight
Than Women do? with bloody Knives
They rip'd their Bridegrooms Breasts, and spilt their Lives
Upon the Wedding Night.

IX.

But one of Fifty with a virtuous Life
Her perjur'd Father durst deceive:
Worthy to be a Bride! her Fame shall live
'Till Time it self shall die.

X.

Arise, she said, my gentle Love, arise,
And go, lest everlasting Night

Sur-

Surprize thee here: avoid my Fathers sight,
And wicked Sisters Eyes.

XI.

Who now as hungry Lionesses, now
Like tender Lambs their Husbands tear:
But I, more merciful than they, will spare,
Thy Life, and let thee go.

XII.

Me let my Father load with cruel Bands,
Because I spar'd my gentle Spouse.
Me let him banish ever from his House
Into the furthest Lands.

XIII.

Go, where thy Feet or Wind shall carry thee,
While *Venus* Favours and the Night:
Live happy thou, and on my Tomb-stone write
That thou wast sav'd by me.

Out

Out of MOSCHUS *one of the Minor Poets.*

Ἔρως Δραπέτης, *or* Cupid *run away.*

CUpid was loſt, and all about
His Mother ran to ſeek him out.
Through Town and Field, through Earth and Skies,
Through young Men's Hearts, and Maidens Eyes,
O'er Sea and Land, drawn with a Pair
Of Milk-white Doves ſhe cut the Air,
But after many a Mile ſhe'd paſt
Her little Steeds grew tir'd at laſt:
Then ſeeing ſhe could no where ſpie him
She ſtood, and thus began to crie him.

O Yes! Whoever can deſcrie
The Place where Love conceal'd does lie,

Let

Let him repair to me and take
A soft Kiss for his Tidings sake:
But he that brings him home shall meet
A Kiss, and something else more sweet.
Yet first, lest haply he deceive you,
Take these Marks which I will give you,
Marks which easily will shew him,
'Mongst a Thousand you may know him.

His Skin, like Blushes which adorn
The Bosom of the rising Morn,
All over Ruddle is, and from
His flaming Eyes quick glances come.
His Meaning's Roguish, but his Tongue
He handles well, 'tis sweetly hung.
His Words you never once shall find
The genu'ine Picture of his Mind.
His Voice like Honey drops, but when
He's angry, O be warie; then

He's falſe and fell, and Pleaſure takes
In the Miſeries he makes.
Fair Curls his golden Temples grace;
A wanton Air ſets off his Face.
His Hands are very ſmall: but, oh!
The Diſtance they his Arrows throw!
Ev'n Hell itſelf, and its ſtern Lord
Have felt their Force, and loudly roar'd.
His Body's naked, as if he
Delighted in ſimplicity:
But, oh! his Soul, that cloathed is
With manifold Hypocriſies.
He neither Age, nor Sex will ſpare,
But ſhoots his Arrows ev'ry where.
And like a wanton Bird, he flies,
And hovers o'er you, till he ſpies
A way to dart into your Breaſt,
And in your Liver build his Neſt.
Upon his Shoulder you may ſpie
A golden Quiver; in it lie

His

His winged Shafts, which often make
High Heav'n and mighty *Jove* to quake.
Nor God, nor Mortal can withſtand
The Force of his reſiſtleſs Hand.
As Death, impartial, none are free
From his wide-waſting Tyranny.
Kings and Swains do all adore him:
Queens and Milk-maids fall before him:
He pities neither one nor other;
No, not me, his one dear Mother.
His little Torch to Heav'n will flie
And make old *Phœbus* burn and frie
In Flames more hot by far than thoſe
He on the ſcorched *Æthiop* throws.

Such is my Son. Whoe'er ſhall find him
Let him catch him, let him bind him,
And render to my hands the Prize,
And if from his diſſembling Eyes

The Tears do trickle, do not spare him;
Tho he flatter do not hear him
Whether he sigh, or smile, or pray,
Bring him ne'ertheless away.
If a Kiss he offer to you,
O, beware; it will undo you.
His Lips are Poyson, and his Breath
Scatter Plagues far worse than Death.
But if he, to let him go,
Offer you his Shafts and Bow,
O! touch them not: the Gifts of Love
Will like Fire, destructive prove.

Out

Out of Bion.

Love's Tutor.

AS underdeath an Oak one Day
Free from unpeaceful Thoughts I lay
A gentle Slumber o'er my head
His downy Wing had softly spread:
When lo! before me seem'd to stand
Bright Beauty's Queen, and in her hand
Her little winged Son she had;
A peevish, proud, unhappy Lad
He is, tho' then h'appeared mild,
And humble as a sucking Child.
Dear Shepherd, I commend to thee
My Son: pray take him home (said she)
And teach him Poetry, for well
I know, thou dost therein excel:

Nor ſhalt thou unrewarded go,
If *Venus* can rewards beſtow.

This ſaid, away ſhe went, and I
(Proud of the Office) by and by
Took my young Scholar, and began
To teach the wanton Wag to ſcan
A Verſe upon his Fingers: but,
The D--- a dram would Cupid do't.
No; He began to ſing to me
Songs of Love and Jolity,
Songs of God's and Mortal's Pleaſures,
And t'unfold his Mother's Treaſures.

Soon, alas! ſoon I forgot
All that the Youth I meant t' have taught.
But his wicked Ballads out
Of my Mind I ne'er could put,
Nor ever ſince my lips could move
To ſing of any thing but Love.

The WIFE.

LEt me but have a Wife what e'er ſhe be
So ſhe be Woman, 'tis enough for me:
I ask not one in whom all Graces ſhine,
Her Sex alone endears her to be mine.
If ſhe be young, ſhe is not ſtubborn grown,
And I may form her Manners to my own:
If old, a Wife and Mother both I have,
And either may a Kiſs or Bleſſing crave.
If ſhe be fair, ſhe's lovely as the Light:
If ugly, why? what's matter in the Night?
If ſhe be barren, I am free from Care:
If Fruitful, Children coſtly Bleſſings are.
If Poor, ſhe'll Humble, and Obedient be:
If Rich, O! who'd fear golden Slavery?
If Scold ſhe be, ſhe'll teach me Patience:
If Sluttiſh, I may Temp'rance learn from thence.

If full of Tongue, I ſhan't want Company:
If mute I'll love her for the Rarity.
I'm Lord and Maſter, if ſhe be a Fool:
If wiſe, I ſhall be ſo to let her rule.

Unjuſt are they who 'gainſt the Sex declaim,
When 'tis not they, but we deſerve the blame.
They all are good enough, had we but Skill
The Good in them to take, and leave the Ill.
That Wives and Husbands Humours ſeldom meet,
'Tis not 'cauſe they want Goodneſs, but theſe, Wit.

Happineſs.

I.

WOuld you, my Friend, true Happineſs obtain
I'll tell you how that Treaſure you may gain,
Not Wealth, nor Wit, nor Wine, nor Women can
Bring ſolid Comfort to the Mind of Man:

But

But Wiſdom, Virtue, Truth and Innocence,
With their Rewards, the Store-houſe are, from whence
This rare and precious Gift the Almighty doth diſpence.

II.

True Mirth and Peace to viſit will not deign
The gilded Roofs, where wicked Tyrants reign:
But love t' inhabit in the meaneſt Cell,
Where innocent and humble Souls do dwell.
Saul's reſtleſs Heart with jealous rage did fret,
While *David* fed his flock ſecure, and ſet
Such Hymns to's ſacred Harp, as Angels ſtill repeat.

III

Not Beds of Down ſound ſleep to him can bring
Whom anxious Thoughts, or ſinful Terrours ſting.
Seek not, if quiet ſlumbers you would find,
To have your Limbs lie eaſie, but your mind:
Whoſe Head is free from Care, from Guilt whoſe Breaſt,
That Man upon a Stone may ſoftly reſt.
So *Jacob* ſleeping was with Heav'nly Viſions bleſt.

Laus POETARUM, *ac in primis* VIRGILII.

ITe procul, Medici, Vanissima turba; recedant
Pharmaca, docta magis Nummo purgare Crumenam
Quam Languore Animum: Qui fallitur arte Galeni
Dignus morte perit. Vos, ô medicina salubris,
Libri cum Musis properate, meosq; tumultus
Dulcibus alloquiis mulcete, & pellite curas.
Tuq; Maro, Vatum pulcherrime, tuq; Britannæ
Non impar venias, Coulæi, gloria Gentis.
Post illos, avidas numerosus Horatius aures,
Necnon marmoreis meditans Lucanus in hortis,
Detineat, versuq; placens Juvenalis acerbo.
Accedat lætam fecit qui Statius Urbem,
Feliciq; fluens non felix Carmine Naso.

Illustres

Illustres Animæ! vobis mea vulnera credo:
Vos animi morbos, curisq; ingentibus ægros
Doctiùs & meliùs sanare Machaone nôstis.

Quis, divine Maro, tua Carmina docta legendo
(Carmina quæ dignè Divûm referantur ad aures)
Vel meminisse potest, vel non contemnere curas?
Phænissæ quoties Furias Phrygiive Labores
Volvo Ducis, animo Dolor exulat omnis, & æquè
Cum Sociis Regum felix, ac Regibus, ævum
Exigo. Delicias tales æquare nec ulla
Vina queunt, Juvenum nec splendida Cura, Puellæ;
Solaque Cœlicolûm magis est optanda Voluptas.

CERTAIN

COPIES

OF

Love-Verses.

VIRGIL. Eclog. 10.

——Tanquam hæc sit nostri medicina Furoris
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.

CERTAIN

COPIES

OF

Love-Verses.

Virgil. Eclog. 10.

——Tantum hoc fac nostri medicina Furoris
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere disce.

Love-Verses.

The FIRE.

I.

A Little house I had (a Heart I mean)
Well furnish'd by my Mother's early Care
With holy Principles, chaste Thoughts and clean,
Good Purposes, modest Desires, and fair:
In all the House no room to spare;
In all the precious Goods no Spot was to be seen.

II.

But, ah! nor House, nor Goods can be secure
From Fire, one day before her Eyes I came;

My

My tender Heart not able to endure
The ſubtil Lightning, catch'd a ſudden Flame,
Which burnt down all the little Frame:
Hardly eſcap'd, with hurt, the goodly Furniture.

III.

Forthwith I ran, and call'd in all the aid
I could, to quench the Fire: but all in vain
Then I apply'd my ſelf to her, and pray'd
For Pity to thoſe Eyes that gave the Pain:
She entertain'd me with Diſdain,
And (*Nero* like) laugh'd at the Flames her ſelf had (made.

IV.

The Law (they ſay) will force her to make good
The Damages, whereof ſhe was the cauſe:
Sometimes I threaten in an angry Mood
To trie; but ſober Counſels bid me pauſe:
For Beauty is above the Laws;
'Twill blind the Judges Eyes, and fire their aged Blood.

V.

Oh! what a wretch was I to come ſo near?
Alas! I thought it but a Lambent Flame,
Such as once play'd about *Aſcanius* Hair,
And gently lick'd his Head, and did proclaim
His future Majeſty and Fame;
Or like the fanci'd Orb of Fire above the Air.

VI.

Well, in the Aſhes yet, I've Wiſdom found
And this Miſhap ſhall teach me watchful Care:
The Man that can prevent a Second Wound
Is wiſe. But ah! what boots it to beware?
A Second Fire what need he fear
Whoſe Houſe was by the Firſt burnt down quite
to the ground?

The Fugitive.

I.

HAving received home my Heart at last
I'll keep thee now, said I,
Thou never more from me shalt flie:
With that, strong gates before my Breast I plac'd,
And with firm Resolutions barr'd them fast.

II.

Thus fenc'd and fortifi'd secure I lay:
But, oh! the mighty *Samson* Love
(Against whose Power in vain I strove)
Carri'd the Gates, and Posts, and Bars away,
And made room for my enlarged Heart to stray.

III.

Away it flew, swift as some heav'nly Mind;
Come back, thou Fool, return again,

Re-

Return, I cry'd, but all in vain.
My fruitless Words were carri'd with the Wind,
It flew away, and never look'd behind.

IV.

Well, go thy way, since I but vainly try
To keep thee, go, and if thou find
Her Heart inclining to be kind,
Return, and tell me: But if still she flie,
Follow 'er, and either overtake, or die.

V.

For if thou come without her, I no more
Rebellious Heart, will pardon thee,
For thus unkindly leaving me:
I'll vex thee, and torment thee ev'ry hour,
And plague thee worse than she has done before.

The Penitent Rebel.

I.

BY the fond Counſel of my Friends miſled
I baniſh'd Love out of my Breaſt;
Now ſurely I ſhall be at reſt
(Said I) now Love the covetous Tyrant's fled,
Who all my Thoughts and precious Minutes challenged.

II.

But ah! no ſooner was his Majeſty,
Which kept the inferiour Paſſions tame,
Withdrawn, but in they rudely came,
Pride, Avarice, Envy, Rage and Cruelty,
With undetermin'd Luſt that flies at ev'ry ſhe.

III.

And now theſe Monſters in my Face do fly,
They tear my very Soul and part
Amongſt them my divided Heart:

Thus

Thus have I chang'd Love's gentle Monarchy
Into a Common-wealth of lawless Tyranny.

IV.

So *England* in an unauspicious hour
'Gainst her indulgent Prince arose,
His Golden Sceptre to oppose:
She murder'd him, but fell into the Pow'r
Of *Cromwell*, and an Host of armed Villains more.

V.

What Fools were they to think they'd kil'd the King
Who never dies? His Royal Son
Return'd with Honour to his Throne:
Now free from Wars and Fears we sit and sing
Under the peaceful Shadow of mild *Charles*'s Wing.

VI.

Return thou too, dread Sov'raign Love, and save
My poor distracted Heart which lies
A Prey to cruel Enemies;

My

The Penitent Rebel.

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My poor distracted Heart which lies
A Prey to cruel Enemies;

My

My Heart, which mut'nous Follies rendred have
To a long Parliament of sordid Lusts a Slave.

VII.

Taught by the sad Experience of these wrongs,
Thy Laws for ever I'll obey,
And all thy Tributes duly pay:
I'll give whatever to thy Crown belongs,
Gales of fresh Sighs, Floods of salt Tears, and mournful Songs.

The White Devil.

FOr Wit and Beauty she may vie
With any mortal Brain, or Face:
But, ah! where's noble Virtue? where shall I
Thy venerable Footsteps trace?
Come, Queen of Graces, to thy beauteous Throne,
And let not Sin usurp what ought to be thine own.

II.

Without this, t'other must not heal
Thy wound; then cease, and love no more;
Who courts a Woman that is fair, but ill,
A painted Devil doth adore.
When Satan like an Angel doth appear
Weak Mortals to delude, then he resembles her.

III.

Hellish her Soul, her Face Divine;
This charms, the other doth affright:
Light shines without, but Darkness dwells within,
She's like a Black-moor clad in White.
My Mind can never rest, unless she were
Made by some skilful Hand more Vertuous or less Fair.

The Parting.

I.

AS virtuous Souls when they depart away,
And leave their loved Bodies here alone,
In Rest abide, until the joyful day
Appointed for their Resurrection:

II.

So now we 're parting, let us make no noise,
Nor beat the empty Air with fruitless cries,
Let us not make our cruel Foes rejoyce
T' have griev'd our Heart, as well as vex'd our (Eyes.

III.

Those Earth born Souls, whose chiefest Good is Sense,
Whose Joys are dirty, and their Love obscene,
Lament and howl when they are hurri'd hence,
Because those Pleasures ne'er return again.

IV.

IV.

But we whose Love so spotless is and fine,
Like that which Angels to each other bear,
Shall much disgrace our Souls, if we repine,
Aud murmure when our Bodies absent are.

V.

Speak, O ye Nymphs, that in cool Streams delight,
For on your flowry Banks we us'd to lie,
When did we e'er offend you with a sight
That made you blush, or turn away your Eye?

VI.

Speak, O ye shady Woods, for ev'ry Night
Before you all our Thoughts we us'd to spread,
When did you ever hear a Word so light
As made you frown, or shake your rev'rend Head?

VII.

Daphne the coy, who thought no Love between
A diff'rent Sex could ever vertuous be,

Then whiſper'd thus to me, Had *Phœbus* been
As chaſt as thou, I ne'er had been a Tree.

VIII.

Be this thy Comfort, Dear, tho' I be gone
Do not thy ſelf a fruitleſs Sorrow give;
Nor like thoſe wretched deſp'rate Creatures moan,
Whoſe former Sins all future Hopes bereave.

IX.

In th' Ev'ning, tho' the Sun withdraw his Light,
Yet ſtill his active Heat and Infl'ence ſtay,
The od'rous Herbs and tender Plants all Night
Shoot up and grow as well as in the day:

X.

So e'en upon thy abſent Love I'll feaſt,
Thy vital Memory ſhall nouriſh me,
Until I ſee thy Beams ariſe in th' Eaſt
Glorious and joyful: This, my Dear, ſhall be;

XI.

It ſhall. And none my ſaying can diſprove,
The great Orac'lous Truth none can deny:
For Heav'n is juſt, and cannot let a Love
So pure, ſo like it ſelf uncrowned die.

The Ghoſt.

I.

LO! to thee in this ſilent Sheet
Appears the Ghoſt of thy departed Lover:
Dear, do not any fear diſcover,
The harmleſs Sp'rit thou may'ſt with ſafety meet.
It only loves to walk and wander nigh
The happy Place, where its dear Treaſures hidden lie.

II.

Let that falſe glozing Hypocrite,
That baſely did our ſecret Love diſcloſe

And all our Happineſs oppoſe,
Grow pale, and tremble, when ſhe ſees the Sprightly
But I'll not viſit her; the guilty Hagg
Is haunted by her ſelf, and needs no other Plague.

III.

How welcome did the Day ariſe
When I with thee, my Dear, might freely walk,
And unſuſpected talk;
Then when we fear'd no watchful Ears nor Eyes,
When careleſs and ſecure we reap'd the Bliſſes
Of chaſt Embraces, and Ten Thouſand harmleſs Kiſſes!

IV.

She, ſure, Love's Force has never known
That could ſo cruelly divide us Two,
O may ſhe burn to purpoſe now,
'Till ſhe's ſo black, and drie, and bliſter'd grown,
That none may venture when ſhe's ſcorched thus,
To quench her flaming Luſt, but ſome foul *Incubus*!

V.

Well, ſince our mortal Life is gone,
And Separation is become our ſtate,
Let us with Hope and Patience wait
Till we be rais'd anew, and joyn'd in one:
Then will our Bliſs my dear, more full ariſe,
And then we'll feaſt upon more ripe and perfect Joys.

The Appeal.

I.

UPon a flow'ry Bed
Beneath a Willow's pleaſant ſhade,
Beſide a cryſtal Flood his Love-ſick Head
The melancholy *Baker* laid:
Three Times he ſigh'd with ſuch a violent Force,
As mov'd the very Willows with remorſe;

The Nymphs together flock'd to hear his Moans,
And Eccho from the neighb'ring Hills anſwer'd his Groans.

II.

Tell me, ye Nymphs, (ſaid he)
So may you once ſo happy be
A Nymph much brighter than your ſelves to ſee,
Sit talking here with me,
If e'er this rev'rend Stream from you ſhould ſlide,
Or underneath the Ground his Current hide,
Would you not ſolitary ſit on Shore,
And ſadly wail the Pleaſures ye enjoy'd before?

III.

Tell me, thou pleaſant Shade,
So may your Greenneſs never fade,
But be for her fair Head an Arbour made,
Beneath you in my Boſom laid,
When e'er from you the Sun doth backward haſte,
And on your Heads his Beams but faintly caſt,

Do

Do ye not quickly lose your thick, green Hair,
And stand expos'd to Winds, all wither'd and all bare?

IV.

Tell me, thou crystal Wave,
So may thy Stream her Body lave,
And from her Limbs a richer Tincture have,
Than e'er the golden River gave,
If e'er thy fruitful Fountain should decay,
Or in bad humour turn another way,
Would not thy Channel grow all chapt and drie,
And all thy nimble, scaly People gasp and die?

V.

Tell me, ye Flowers gay,
So may your Sweetness with you stay,
'Till her fair Hand shall pluck you hence away,
And in her sweeter Bosom lay,
If e'er the sullen Heav'ns should refuse
To shed on you their soft refreshing Dews,

Would

Would not your Scent and Colour soon decay,
And you that are so fresh and young, grow old
and gray?

VI.

Tell me thou hollow Sound,
So may each Plain and Hill around
With Repetitions of her Name resound,
'Till all Voices else be drown'd,
Should no sad Lover to these Banks resort,
And with his tuneful Musick make thee Sport,
Would'st thou not melancholy sit alone,
And with dumb Wailings thy sad Solitude bemoan?

VII.

Then marvel not that I
Decline all tedious Company,
And to these solitary Places flie,
And sit and sigh, and weep, and die;
Since I have lost what was to me more dear
Than to you, All that I have mention'd here,

My

My Spring, my Shade, my Musick, and my Sun,
The Pleasure of my Heart, and my Life's Soul is gone.

The Masque.

I.

INgrateful and malicious Maid,
A Veil of Darkness thou hast thrown
Over that Beauty which display'd
Thy Maker's Glory not thine own.

II.

What spleenful Avarice is this,
To hoard that Treasure, which before
Fill'd all the World with Light and Bliss,
Yet wasted not the boundless Store?

III.

Dear Niggard, imitate the Sun,
(The Sun, thy fit similitude)

He

He ſhines not to himſelf alone,
But for the publick Joy and Good.

IV.

Remove the Cloud, that from thine Eyes
Mankind may Light and Comfort take:
Or if our Service thou deſpiſe,
Yet do it for thine own Name's ſake.

V.

Thy Face will loſe its Sov'raign Praiſe,
By this obſcure Retreat of thine:
Behold! Since thou haſt hid thy Rays,
How proudly meaner Beauties ſhine!

VI.

Ariſe my Love, and make them know
They owe their Luſtre to thy Night,
The Stars grow dull, and make no ſhow,
When once the Sun appears in ſight.

VII.

Since that which made the Day so clear
The Sun-shine of thine Eyes is fled,
Let Night (Love's wished Hour) my Dear,
Softly conduct us both to Bed.

The Rose.

I.

SEest thou this Flow'r my Dear, how fair it shows
Op'ning its balmy Bosom, to receive
The lusty Morning-beams? A brisker Rose
No Place, except thy youthful Cheek can give.

II.

The Sun, who in *Aurora*'s purple Arms
This Morning lay, yet early left his Bed
Drawn by this Rose's more inviting Charms,
T' unlock the Treasures of a sweeter Red.

III.

III.

See how it ſmiles; and yet e'er Day paſs by
(This very Day which gave it firſt a Birth)
'Twill hang it's fainting Head, grow pale and die,
And ſhed its falling Honours on the Earth:

V.

And this thy Beauty's Emblem is, which now
In Youth's fair Morning looks ſo freſh and gay;
But, ah! too ſhort a Time the Fates allow;
Too ſoon comes Ev'ning and it fades away.

V.

Since then your Reign ſuch narrow limits bind,
Take Counſel of thy Fellow-flow'r, my Dear,
Which when it falleth, leaves a Seed behind,
Of all its Glories the undoubted Heir:
And by this Art, tho' in itſelf it die,
Lives ever in its hopeful Race and fair Poſterity.

A Rainy Morning.

I.

MY Friend, perſwade me not to ſtay,
When Love and Beauty calls away:
Let him be wretched, whom the Rain
Can from his Happineſs detain.

II.

Give me the gallant Youth whoſe Breaſt
Was by the *Seſtian* Maid poſſeſt!
He ſcorn'd the Sea's Rage, and ſhall I
Regard the Droppings of the Skie?

III.

Let all the wat'ry Pow'rs combine,
And in a League offenſive joyn,
Yet their confed'rate Force ſhall prove
The eaſie Conqueſt of my Love.

IV.

Let Heav'n its ſecret Stores unlock,
Let Earth produce her hoarded Stock,
Let ev'ry Lake and River creep,
To joyn the Oceans foamy Deep.

V

My Love, like that Celeſtial Flame
Which on the Prophet's Off'ring came,
Upon theſe Troops will boldly fall,
And make but one Carouſe (her Health) of all.

The Storm.

I.

'TIS juſt, my Dear, that our Amour
Should by this ſudden Storm be croſt:
Our Bark too ſoon would gain the Shore,
Were ſhe not back to Sea-ward toſt.

A Prize so rich, it were unfit to get,
Without exceeding Peril, Pains and Sweat.

II.

The Joys, which else too strong might prove
For us to bear, are temper'd well
With Sorrow thus, by gentle Love,
To make them more supportable;
So *Bacchus*'s Rage with Water is allay'd,
And *Sol*'s hot Beams are chasten'd with a Shade.

III.

No Tempest useth to adorn
The Nuptials of the vulgar sort;
Those Fortune passeth by in Scorn,
They lie beneath her haughty Sport:
But high Desires she loves to vex, that so
Delays and Fears may make them Dearer grow.

IV.

He were unwise that would not go
To Heav'n through hardest Sufferings?

And certainly, my fair One (tho'
The odds be great) of earthly things
None more resemble the Delights above
Than the chast Pleasures of a mutual Love.

V.

Let not this Change then trouble thee,
As if some ill it did portend;
The Way, tho' rough and sharp it be,
Will lead us safely in the end
Into each others Arms, where linked fast,
How light will seem to us all Labours past.

Wisdom.

I.

BE Wise d' ye say, I scorn that Word:
Love's Politicks no such Rule afford,
For Love and Wisdom never yet,
Believe me, in one Subject met,

It cannot be, not mighty *Jove*
Can be at once, Wise, and in Love.

II.

The boldest Painter never dar'd
Draw Love with either Eyes or Beard,
For these are Wisdom's Signs; but he
Delights in plain Simplicity.
Blindness and Childhood best express
His open-hearted Heedlessness.

III.

Let them be wise that rule the State,
And calculate the Kingdom's Fate,
Grave Counsellers, and Judges sage,
Philosophers and Men of Age;
The Serpent's Wisdom let them use,
We the Dove's Innocence will chuse.

IV.

Wisdom to them perhaps may be
Of Use: but not to thee and me

'Twill vex our Minds and fill us full
Of Doubts, and make our Pleasures dull.
Away with't: in the Mysteries
Of Love, 'tis Folly to be wise.

V.

Ah! Dear, Thou dost not see the end
To which such evil Counsels tend.
Consider what it is you speak;
If this Advice Men once should take,
Your Empire's Ruine it would prove.
No wise Man ever was in Love.

VI.

If I were Wise, I soon should find
Th' Impertinence of Woman-kind:
Neither your Favour, nor your Frown
Would lift me up, or cast me down.
The Influence of your starry Eyes
Is over-rul'd by him that's wise.

VII.

The deepest Mystery of State
That makes the Pope, and Women great,
Is Ignorance: If men were Wise,
Both Pope, and Women they'd despise,
And Protestants we all should prove
'Gainst his Religion, and your Love.

Reason.

REason, which long had absent been before,
Vouchsaf'd one Day to come within my door.
Affrighted at th' unusual Sight, I try'd;
To slip away, and trembling sneak'd aside;
But he laid hold upon my Gown and made
Me stay, and hear, whilst thus he gravely said,
Art thou a Man, who thus thy self dost cheat,
And let blind Passion usurp Reason's Seat,

And giv'ſt thy Soul up to be rul'd by that
Which neither knows how to command, nor what?
Are Fetters grown ſo lovely, canſt thou brook
On thy free Neck to wear Love's Iron Yoak?
What is this Rebel, Love, that dares controul
My Right, and claim Supremacy in th' Soul?
Love, that enfeebles ev'ry noble Mind,
And Subjects Man to peeviſh Woman kind?

In vain, alaſs! thy barren Soul I've till'd,
Scattering the Seeds of Virtue through the Field:
Wild Oats are all the Crop that Ground will yield
Where Love takes root, in vain we plough and ſow;
'Tis ſuch a Weed, no Corn near it will grow.
Ah perjur'd Wretch, thus to abandon me,
Whoſe Servant thou long ſince didſt vow to be;
But now my Place the Muſes muſt ſupply:
Thoſe paltry Girls are more admir'd than I.

What haſt thou got by following this fond trade?
Art thou the Richer, or the wiſer made?

Be-

Behold! how all thy Fellows do aſcend,
And to the Pulpit climb, their Journey's end;
While thou doſt preach t'a Woman, and provide,
Homilies againſt Avarice and Pride.
But all in vain: ſhe ſtops her ſullen ears;
Thy Sermons ſhe regards, juſt as the People, theirs.
Thy Country and thy Friends require a ſhare
In that ſmall ſtock of Learning, which their Care
And Providence gave thee: But ingrateful thou
Doſt on a Woman all thy Thoughts beſtow,
And fondly ſlighting all their juſt deſires,
Thou melt'ſt thy ſelf away in Female Fires.
Riſe, *Baker*, riſe: take thy neglected Arms,
Reſiſt Self love, and wanton Pleaſures Charms.
Turn o'er the learned Volumes of the wiſe;
Their great Examples ſet before thine Eyes
Whom noble Virtue, and improved Wit
Have in the Temple of bright Honour ſet.
Succeſs attends the bold. Dare to deſpiſe
This Tyrant, Love: for when deſpis'd, he flies.

Thus Reason said, and would have said much more,
When suddenly we heard one ope the Door,
And, lo! she enter'd:
The mighty She, and like a Goddess bright;
Her Eyes sent forth a more than human Light.
She charming was, her Dress I durst have sworn
Venus herself had been her Maid that Morn.
A Crown of palest Gold her Head did wear
If Gold may be compared with her Hair.
And like as Lilies in a Glass with more
Advantage shew their Whiteness, than before;
So with more Art a fine transparent Shade
Her snowy Neck and panting Breasts display'd.
At her victorious Presence, Reason fell
Like *Dagon* down before the Ark of *Israel*;
And all his feeble Troops of Arg'ments fled:
I 'rose, and reverently bow'd my Head,
And Pardon begg'd for what had past before,
And by her heav'nly Eyes devoutly swore.

Bright Maid, than Life it ſelf more dear to me,
Confin'd to ſome dark Dungeon let me be,
Baniſh'd for ever from thy ſoft Embrace,
And from the Viſion of that beaut'ous Face,
If Reaſon's babling Tongue again I hear,
Or yield to any Voice, but thine, mine Ear.
Things human, Reaſon, to thy Lot do fall;
Reign, if thou wilt, for ever in that Hall:
But ſoar no high'r, leſt Love's diviner Light
Confound thy mortal Eyes, and blind thee quite.

RATIO.

ACceſſit nuper, quæ multos abſuit annos
Et noſtros Ratio eſt dignata ſubire Penates
Obſtupui viſu inſolito, Limenque petivi:
Illa, togam prendens, properantes ſiſtere greſſus
Haſque averſantem voces audire coegit,

Tunc

Tunc viri dignus titulo, qui ſtultus & amens
Conaris proprio Rationem expellere Regno,
Inq; meo Solio furibundum ponis Amorem?
Tantus amorne Jugi eſt, & tanta Cupido Catenæ?
Egregium verò Facinus, Ratione fugatâ,
Indignis quæ ſola Animum tutare Periclis
Poſſit & Affectus compeſcere ſola rebelles
Imperium Cordis Puero committere cæco,
Cui jocus eſt Mentem furari, Animoſq; viriles
Frangere, Fæmineâq; caput circumdare vittâ!
Quorſum ego Præceptis colui tibi Pectus honeſtis
Semina Doctrinæ injicens, morumq; bonorum?
Spem meſſis tenues (ah!) ludificantur avenæ.
Herba Amor, infelix totum corrumpit agellum,
Nec medicinalis ſinit illic creſcere Plantas.
Ah Piger! in mea me juratus verba relinquis,
Muſarumq; levis ſterili nugaris arenâ.
Quid tibi profuerit ſtudia hæc tam vana ſequuto?
Ecce! tui Socii, dudum læta arva tenentes,
Acquirunt finem ſtudiorum, & Pulpita ſcandunt,

Inde

Inde docent Populos, & præmia magna reportant:
Tu vero infelix (monitorum oblito meorum)
Verba facis, moveant quæ ferrea corda Puellæ,
Atq; in Avaritiam & Faſtum, muliebria clamas
Crimina nequicquam. Illa nihil tua Dogmata curat;
Et tuus, & Sermo Sociorum ſpargitur Auſtro.
Te Patria exoptat, te dilectiſſima Mater,
Te vicini omnes orant, chariq; propinqui,
Ut votis tandem velles, precibuſq; favere,
Proq; piâ Curâ meritas perſolvere grates:
At tu (nonne pudet?) Cunctos poſtponis Amicæ,
Inq; puellares penitus diſſolveris ignes.

Surge, Puer, nimiumq; diu poſita Arma reſume,
Excute turpe Jugum, blandoſq; repelle Furores.
Volve Libros, pone ante oculos Exempla Virorum,
Quos Labor aſſiduus, nox & vigilantibus hauſta
Luminibus, tandem ad meritos evexit honores.
Audentes ſua dextra juvat. Contemnere Amorem
Aude: Cedit enim, ſiquis contempſerit ipſum.

Sic

Sic Ratio dixit. & dicere plura parabat,
Cùm ſubitò patuere fores, & ſe intulit illa
Illa potens formâ, veræq; ſimillima Divæ.
Olli ſidereos oculis afflârat Honores
Ipſa Venus, multoq; caput redimiverat Auro,
Auro ſi fas eſt Dominæ componere Crines.
Candidaque ut puro ſpectantur Lilia vitro,
Pulchra relucebat ſic per Bombycina Cervix,
Inq; ſinu dulci niveæ micuêre Mamillæ.

Hujus ad aſpectum Ratio tremefacta potentem
Concidit, ut quondam Piſcis (res mira) Philiſtheus
Ante Dei pronus venerandam concidit Arcam;
Argumenta fugamq; (imbellis turba) capeſſunt.
Aſſurgo Dominamq; caput demiſſus adoro,
Et ſupplex veniam tantæ concedere culpæ
Obſecro, perq; ſuos oculos, mea numina, juro.

Virgo, Luce magis miſero dilecta Bakero,
Corporis ipſe tui Complexu avulſus, & almo
Arcear aſpectu, ſqualenti Carcere clauſus,
Blanda meas iterum Ratio ſi mulceat aures,

Indu-

Inducarve alium, Te præter, ferre monentem.
Rebus in humanis, Ratio, tua jura repandas,
Æternumq; impune illâ domineris in Aula:
Ultra ne tendas, tibi ne perſtringat Amoris
Lumina Sol, nimia Lucemq; in Luce relinquas.

ALEXIS.

I.

MY loyal Muſe would feign aſpire to ſing
The Praiſes of our gracious King:
But, ah! 'twould ill become his God-like Deeds,
His Wiſdom, Patience, and the reſt
Of Virtues that poſſeſs his Princely Breaſt
(For which wel-furniſh'd Fame more Trumpets needs)
To be debas'd and leſſen'd by unskilful Reeds.

II.

Wonders of Mercy, bounteous Heav'n hath ſhown
On him, and he himſelf is One.

The

The marks of Pow'r divine t' all Kings belong:
But God's beloved Attribute,
Mercy with few but *Charles* does suit.
To things so high 'twould be too great a wrong,
To think them Burdens fit for ev'ry Rural Song.

III.

Shepherds are humble People, and for them
Things humble are the fittest Theam.
Their Flocks and Herds, cool Streams and flowry (Plains
And secret Woods, the chast abodes
Of homely Nymphs, and Country Gods:
These are the meet and inoffensive strains
That fill the ready Mouths of all Poetick Swains.

IV.

Or if they higher rise, 'tis to relate
Some Lover's good or evil Fate;
To praise bright *Phyllis*, or if she prove coy,
T' accuse of Avarice and Pride
Both her and all the Sex beside:

To

To mould ſad Numbers ſome their Gift employ
Others whom kinder Love enlargeth, Hymns of Joy.

V.

Among the reſt, *Damon*, who long did prove
The Force of Poetry and Love,
(For whoſo chooſeth one, will ſoon have both)
His Friend *Alexis* happy Fate
Did kindly thus congratulate:
Than him the Plains ne'er bred a gentler Youth;
Verſe, ſweet as Honey, flow'd from his inſpired Mouth.

VI.

Upon the Marſh the friendly Shepherds ſtood,
Viewing the calm and gentle Flood
The whilſt beſide them fed their wel-known Flock,
When ſoftly towards an Haven nigh
A richly laden Ship ſail'd by.
This hint the fruitful Poet ſwiftly took,
And thus alluding to the wealthy Bark he ſpoke,

VII.

VII.

What happy Star ſhone on thy winged Fleet?
What proſp'rous Gale ſwell'd out thy Sheet?
I ſcarce believ'd thee gone to Sea;
When thou, with lucky haſte thy Voyage done,
A fair and wealthy Prize haſt won:
O happy Lover! happy thee,
Who ſtubborn Beauty's Victor now may'ſt juſtly ſtiled be

VIII.

Not mighty *Cæſar* with his num'rous Hoſt
A ſpeedier Conqueſt e'er could boaſt,
Than thou haſt got by thine own Power:
With Joy and Triumph valiant Swain, go on,
Poſſeſs the Iſland thou haſt won:
Stand not thus idly on the Shore,
But enter, and devour within her goodly Store.

IX.

Where Gold upon the Mountain Tops doth grow,
What may we there expect below?

Yet

Yet tho' with Gold it so abound,
Tis from the us'al Fruits of Riches free:
No Av'rice, nor Hypocrisie,
No Pride, nor Luxury there is found;
The golden Land with a true golden Age is crown'd.

X.

There Truth and Piety take up all the Room,
And Innocence makes that her home;
No Place for Falshood there.
You may discern the Motions of her Heart,
So pure her Breast, so free from Art:
Her Heart shines through her Breasts, as clear
As through her open Scarf her Breasts themselves appear.

XI.

On the calm Shoar (methinks) I see thee stand,
The Borders of thy promis'd Land,
Casting a scornful Look behind
Upon the Sea, and smiling when thou se'st
It's Rage by barb'rous Storms encreast;

The Billows and the boist'rous Wind,
Which others dread so much, are Pleasures to thy Mind.

XII.

Ah wretched and too miserable me
Whose Vessel still is tost at Sea!
Amidst the Rocks of Fem'nine Pride
To Thunder and loud Storms expos'd I lie,
And Lightnings of her angry Eye.
No gentle Gale blows on my side,
And not one Star in Heav'n appears to be my Guide.

XIII.

In vain, in vain the fruitless Seas I plow,
In vain my shatter'd Bark I row,
The adverse Winds blow 't back again:
The Shoars I seek still backward move apace;
In vain I run a desp'rate Race;
Then let me sink and perish in the Main:
The rest I cannot find on Land, Lo! let me here obtain!

NISA.

In Imitation of the Shepherd Damon's *Complaint, in the Eighth Eclogue of* Virgil.

Frigida vix Cœlo noctis decesserat Umbra, &c.

I.

SCarce was the Nights cold Shadow from the Skies
Withdrawn, when the fresh Dew, that lies
Upon the tender Grass, doth entertain
The Flocks with a fat tastful Feast,
Damon, whose Eyes had found no rest
(Rest, which unhappy Lovers seek in vain)
Thus, leaning on his Staff, poor *Damon* did complain.

II.

Rise *Lucifer*, and bring the Day along,
Arise, and listen to my Song.

My lateſt Song, which in my dying Hour,
Rob'd of the Comfort of my Life,
Niſa my promis'd Wife,
I to the happy Gods above do pour;
Tho' them in vain I've call'd to witneſs heretofore.

III.

Thou ſacred Hill, upon whoſe loſty Brow
Shrill Woods, and ſpeaking Pines do grow,
Who Shepherd's tuneful Loves doſt always hear;
And *Pan* who firſt of all did bring
The Reeds harmoniouſly to ſing;
Thou ſacred Hill, and vocal Wood draw near:
Such a ſad Song as mine ne'er touch'd your wakeful Ear.

IV.

Fair *Niſa* does her ſelf on *Mopſus* throw,
What may not Lovers hope for now?
The golden Age (of which old Poets ſpake)
Is come: now Contraries agree,
And Nature is all Sympathy.

At ſight of Hounds the Deer no more ſhall quake;
The Vulture and the Dove ſhall leagues of Friend-
ſhip make.

V.

Thou ſhalt be married, *Mopſus*, go provide,
The ſponſal Cake, and ſetch the Bride:
With Roſes let the genial Couch be ſpread.
Bleſt Man! Night's golden Harbinger
(Whom lovely *Venus* holds ſo dear)
For thee will earlier lift his ſacred Head
From *Oeta*'s loved Lap, to light thee to thy Bed.

VI.

Thou, who a ſcornful Eye on all didſt caſt,
Lo! what a worthy Choice at laſt
Thou 'ſt made! fair Virgin, look again and ſee;
Look e'er too late it prove,
What Trifles they're, which move
Thee to abandon thy giv'n Faith, and me,
And bleating Flocks, and cheerful Songs, and ver-
t'ous Poverty.

VII.

Let none perſwade thee to believe, dear Love,
That the unactive Gods above
Regard not what is done of Men below:
Amidſt thy var'ous Luxuries,
And all the Court's deceitful Joys,
Their Plagues will find thee out and make thee (know
What 'tis for filthy Lucres-ſake to break thy Nuptial Vow.

VIII.

'Twas in the Orchard firſt I ſaw my Dear,
Gath'ring of golden Apples there.
Juſt Thirteen winged Summers then were flown
Over thy beauteous Head, and thou
Could'ſt juſt reach up to th' laden Bough:
A ſweet but mortal Fever ſwiftly run
Through all my Veins, I came, and ſaw, and was (undone.

IX.

Now to my coſt, alas! I'm made to prove
Th' unnat'ral Cruelty of Love.

Ah

Ah barb'rous wretch! who made th' a Deity?
From ſome rough Mountain's hollow Womb
In *Wales* or *Scotland* thou didſt come:
Proud Boy, thou'rt of a baſer Blood than we;
The Devil thee begat, the Furies ſuckled thee.

X.

What wicked Deeds have not by Love been wrought?
What falſe and faithleſs Doctrines taught?
The moſt religious ſacred Bonds, that e'er
Nature, or God himſelf did make,
The impious Boy doth proudly break.
By him her rev'rend Father's Purple Hair
Scylla cut off, and gave his Crown to her Adulterer.

XI.

By him the natural Mother in the Blood
Of her own Sons her Hands imbru'd.
Ah! cruel Mother! wicked Boy! O ſay
Which of the Two ſhall we
Conclude the worſe to be,

Him that advis'd, or her that did obey?
Both, both alike: but none beside so bad as they.

XII.

Now from young Lambs let the Woolf run for fear,
Now let the Thistle Roses bear.
Let precious Amber sweat from ev'ry Tree.
Let Oaks with golden Apples bend,
Let Owls for Voice with Swans contend:
Let *Baker* now with *Cowley* equall'd be,
Cowley who lost his well-sung Love, no less than he.

XIII.

Let all things back to their old Chaos run,
Let Horror and Confusion
Themselves through all th' amuzed World disperse.
Farewel, ye Woods, farewel, for I
To Shades more melancholy fly:
Nisa, farewel. Be this my latest Verse,
With which I here adorn thy Marri'ge, and my Herse.

PINDARIQUE

ODES.

VIRGIL. Eclog. 4.

——Paulo majora canamus:

PINDARIQUE

ODES.

VIRGIL. Eclog. 4.

Paulo majora canamus.

Pindarique ODES.

Out of HORACE.

Carm. Lib. 2. *Ode* 14. *Paraphrased.*

I.

AH! dearest Friend, the Years are flying;
They flie alass! they pass away
(Like a swift Stream) and will in no wise stay;
There's a necessity of dying.
Neither thy Wisdom, Friend, nor all thy Care
Can cure, or hide the Footsteps of old Age
Which in thy rev'rend Face begin t' appear.
Nor can thy deep Philosophy asswage
The Fury of that mighty Conq'ror Death,

Who

Who rides in Triumph through the World, and all
Before the Terrour of his Presence fall,
Who walk upon the Earth, or underneath
Within the Waters play, or in the Air do breath.

II.

Tho' ev'ry day throughout the rowling Year
On *Pluto's* Altar thou shouldst burn
Three Hundred chosen Bulls, thou canst not turn
His unrelenting Heart, nor bow his stubborn Ear:
Who keeps imprison'd in his brazen Hold
The Giants, and the mighty Men of old;
In vain they struggle to get out,
For cruel Fates with-hold.
The Gates are Iron, and the Walls are high,
And the grim Porter *Cerb'rus* doth before the En-
And the black River, like a folding Snake (trance lie.
In Nine deep Circles guards it round about,
E'en *Styx* the fatal Lake
O'er which we all must pass, and ne'e return agen,
Be we, or pow'rful Kings, or simple Country Men.

III.

III.

Why do we labour then in vain to ſhun
The various Dangers hanging o'er our Head,
That ſo we may ſpin out a tangled and uneven (Thread,
In vain, in vain we run
From the devouring Sword and thundring Gun;
Tempeſtuous Seas we fear in vain,
And Fevers which in Autumn reign;
Since if all theſe were abſent, yet
By a ſtrong Law which cannot be withſtood,
We're bound to die, and ſee the ſlothful Flood
Of black *Cocytus*, and that impious Brood
Which ſhed their ſleeping Bridegroom's Blood,
And of a Nuptial made a winding Sheet;
Now they with endleſs Labour groan, (known:
And wiſh they had not Swords, but only Diſtaves
And *Siſyphus*, condemn'd to roll the reſtleſs Stone.

IV.

Thy hoarded Treaſures, and thy Manner-houſe,
From whoſe aſpiring Tow'rs thou may'ſt deſcrie

The

The ſpacious Fields around, and all the paſſers by,
Yet canſt not meaſure out the Bounds
Of thine own Grounds,
So far extended every Way they lie,
Beyond the reach of all, except the World's great Eye,
Muſt all be left, together with thy pleaſant Spouſe,
In whoſe bright Wit and Beauty now thy Mind
Doth ſoft, but ſound Contentment find.
Of all the Trees, which now with equal Art & Care
Thy wiſe induſtrious Hand doth rear;
Not one will wait upon thee (ſave
A Bunch of mournful Cypreſs) to the Grave.

V.

The wiſer and more noble Heir
Since he t' enjoy with freedom will not grutch
What thou ſo niggardly doſt ſpare,
And, like things hallow'd, art afraid to touch,
Will laviſhly conſume and ſpend
(As if they ne'er could have an end)

Thy

Thy Goods, and open all the Treasuries
Which now are lock'd up with an Hundred Keys,
And bring the Pris'ners forth to the long wish'd for Light.
He with his boon Companions will carouse
And roar and frolick in thy House,
And with the Ladies Dance and Revel all the Night;
And wash the Floor with Floods of richer Wine
Than they but sip, who at my Lord-May'r's Table Dine.

Sa-

Sacred POEMS.

A Paraphrase on Psal. 128.

I.

HEarken, (for it concerns you near) to me
All you that happy wish to be.
Would you be certain not to miss
Of Peace on Earth, in Heav'n of Bliss?
Then let th' Almighty's Fear within you reign
To teach you Virtue, and from Vice restrain;
Walk in the Ways of God: his Ways are safe and plain.
Blessed art thou who thus thy Steps dost guide,
Blessed and safe on ev'ry side.
Thy peaceful Temples shall be crown'd
With Garlands of fresh Honours all around.

A Thousand Comforts thou shalt meet
Above thy Head, and underneath thy Feet.
Of thine own Labours thou shalt eat
(An wholsom and well-relish'd Food
That needs no Sauce to make it savoury and good)
And freely shalt enjoy the Fruit of all thy Toil
and Sweat.

II.

To this an happy Wife shall added be;
An happy Wife shall fall to thee,
Who round thy Neck her gentle Arms will twine
Like Tendrels of the fertile Vine,
And Kisses give that far surpass the richest Wine:
And from an unexhausted Store
Of Love and Meekness evermore
Fresh Comforts, and new Charms she will apply,
And by dividing double all thy Joy.
Each others mutual Help, blest Pair, ye shall be (made;
Thou her supporting Wall, she thy refreshing Shade.
Meet-helper, She! Her pleasant Usefulness

The Vine and its fair Fruit do well expreſs,
For ſhe thy Spirit will revive, and cheer thy Heart
no leſs.

III.

A gen'rous Off'ſpring to thy Bed ſhe'll bring,
An honeſt healthful Race from her will ſpring,
Who round the Table ſhall be ſeen,
Straight as young Plants, like Olives freſh and
green.
Theſe thou with Joy ſhalt view, and tender Love
And then a ſecret Bliſs will move
With Raptures not to be expreſt,
In thy Contented and Paternal Breaſt.
Yet think not, happy Man, that this
Thy whole and final Portion is:
Far better Things God hath for thee in ſtore,
And choicer Bleſſings on thy Head will pour,
Bleſſings from Sion, his own Houſe, from whence
His beſt Gifts he doth ſtill diſpence.
And loves to have us come to fetch them thence,

The Church shall flourish too, and thou shalt bear
In her Prosperity a lib'ral Share.
Thus thou shalt live, and gladly see
Thy Children, and their hopeful Progeny;
A num'rous and wel-govern'd Family.
And further, that thou may'st be sure
This prosp'rous State will long endure,
A publick Peace thy private Blessings shall secure.

On Mr. George Herbert's *Sacred Poems, called,*

The Temple.

I.

SO long had Poetry possessed been
By Pagans, that a Right in her they claim'd;
Pleaded Prescription for their Sin,
And Laws they made, and Arguments they fram'd,
Nor thought it Wit, if God therein was nam'd:
The true GOD; for of false ones they had store,
Whom Devils we may better call,

And ev'ry thing they deifi'd,
And to a Stone, Arise and help they cri'd.
And Woman-kind they fell before;
Ev'n Woman-kind, which caus'd at first their Fall,
Were almost the sole Subject of their Pen,
And the chief Deities ador'd by fond and fotnish (Men.

II.

Herbert at last arose,
Herbert inspir'd with holy Zeal,
Their Arguments he solv'd, their Laws he did repeal,
And spight of all th' enraged Foes
That with their utmost Malice did oppose,
He rescu'd the poor Captive, Poetry,
Whom her vile Masters had before decreed,
All her immortal Spirit to employ
In painting out the Lip or Eye
Of some fantastick Dame, whose Pride Incentives did not need.
This mighty *Herbert* could not brook;
It griev'd his pious Soul to see

The best and noblest Gift,
That God to Man has left,
Abus'd to serve vile Lust, and sordid Flattery:
So, glorious Arms in her Defence he took;
And when with great Success he'd set her free,
He rais'd her fancy on a stronger Wing,
Taught her of God above, and Things Divine to (sing.

III.

Th' infernal Pow'rs that held her fast before
And great Advantage of their Pris'ner made,
And drove of Souls a gainful Trade,
Began to mutiny and roar.
So when *Demetrius* and his Partners view'd *Acts* 19.
Their Goddess, and with her, their dearer Gains to (fall,
They draw together a confus'd Multitude,
And into th' Theater they crowd,
And great *Diana*, great, they loudly call.
Up into th' Air their Voices flie,
Some one thing, some another crie,
And most of them, they know not why.

They crie aloud, 'till the Earth ring again,
Aloud they crie; but all in vain.
Diana down must go; They can no more
Their sinking Idol help, than she could them before.
Down she must go with all her Pomp and Train:
The glorious Gospel-Sun her horned Pride doth stain,
No more to be renew'd, but ever in the Wane;
And Poetry, now grown Divine above must ever reign.

IV.

A Mon'ment of this Victory
Our *David*, our sweet Psalmist, rais'd on high,
When he this Giant under foot did tread,
And with Verse, his own Sword, cut off the Monster's Head.
For as a Sling and Heav'n-directed Stone
Laid flat the *Gathite* Champion, who alone
Made Thousands tremble, while he proudly stood
Bidding Defiance to the Hosts of God:

So fell th' infernal Pow'rs before the Face
Of mighty *Herbert*, who upon the Place
A Temple built, that does outgo
Both *Solomon*'s, and *Herod*'s too,
And all the Temples of the Gods by far;
So costly the Materials, and the Workmanship so (rare
A Temple built, as God did once ordain
Without the Saw's harsh Noise *Deut.* 27. 5.
Or the untuneful Hammer's Voice, 1 *Kings* 6. 7.
But built with sacred Musick's sweetest strain,
Like *Theban* Walls of old, as witty Poets feign.

V.

Hail, heav'nly Bard, to whom great LOVE has (giv'n
(His mighty Kindness to express)
To bear his Three mysterious Offices;
Prophet, and Priest on Earth thou wast, and now a King in Heav'n.
There thou dost reign, and there
Thy Bus'ness is the same 'twas here,
And thine old Songs thou singest o'er agen:

The Angels and the Heav'nly Quire
Gaze on thee, and admire
To hear such Anthems from an earthly Lyre,
Their own Hymns almost equall'd by an human Pen.
We foolish Poets hope in vain
Our Works Eternity shall gain:
But sure those Poems needs must die
Whose Theme is but Mortality.
Thy wiser and more noble Muse
The best, the only way did chuse
To grow Immortal: For what Chance can wrong,
What Teeth of Time devour that Song
Which to a Heav'nly Tune is set for glorifi'd Saints to use?
O may some Portion of thy Sp'rit on me
(Thy poor Admirer) light, whose Breast
By wretched mortal Loves hath been too long possest!
When, Oh! when will the joyful Day arise
That rescu'd from these Vanities,

These

These painted Follies I shall be,
If not an inspir'd Poet, yet an holy Priest like thee.

DEATH.

Victurosq; Dei celant, ut vivere durent;
Felix est mori —— Luc. Phar. Lib. 4.

I.

COme, Life's long Hope, and on thy peaceful Breast
My burning Temples let me rest!
Worn out with Grief, prest down with Loads of Care,
To thee for succour I repair,
Thou Comfort of the Sad, and ease of the Oppreſt;
Could Mortals all thy Virtues clearly see,
As much belov'd and courted thou wouldst be
By all the World, as now thou art by me.
Wars would not fright us then

Into

Into wall'd Towns, nor thence
Would we be driven by the Peſtilence.
To breath the healthful Country Air agen:
Nor to the Doctor would Men flie,
Unleſs to crave his aidful hand, to make them ſooner die,
Thou art the Pilgrims Home, the poor Man's Wealth
The Captive's Ranſom, and the ſick Man's Health,
In vain of Goods and Liberty
The Living boaſt; for none are free
Or rich, but only ſuch as are made ſo by thee.

II.

But Men (alas!) are blind to their own Good,
They ſhun the Harbour, and deſire to be
For ever toſſing on the ſtormy Flood:
From Peace and Happineſs they flee,
Becauſe the Benefits that come from thee
Cannot be ſeen nor underſtood
But by a wel-purg'd Mind, a quick enlightning Eye.
Bleſt *Aaron*'s Lot: full wiſely he did ſpie

Thy

Thy various Gifts, and well did count
To what vast Sums thy Treasures do amount,
When to the Top of *Hor*, with thee to meet,
His longing Soul drew up his aged Feet.
There unconcern'd like one that goes to Rest,
Having first himself undrest,
While God-like *Moses* and his own dear Son,
The Heir of his high Place, with Tears stood looking on.
His wel-pleas'd Head down laid the good old Priest
To Heav'n it's Home, his Spirit enlarged sled;
Within thy Arms his other Part was safe Deposited.

III.

Ah! Let it not prejudge my suit, that I
To thee so late a Convert flie.
Thou dost dispence, I grant, such solid Joys
As well may win a Soul, that lies
Nurs'd in the Lap of warm Prosperities,
And well thou dost deserve our first and freest Choice:

But 'ts (alas) our folly still
Not to know Good, 'till first we taste of Ill.
We're like Sea-monsters, which before
They're wounded, never come to Shore.
So when God's People by the Flesh-pots sate,
Enjoying Bondage easie, they forgat
Their promis'd Country: But the Iron Rod
Of *Pharaoh*, and the toilsom Fire
Soon kindled in their Breasts a strong desire
Out of *Egypt* to retire,
And travel tow'rds the fatal Land, where God
Had promis'd rest to them, and safe abode;
A Land, where gentle Streams of Milk and tastful
Honey flow'd.

IV.

They know thee not, who thee grim Feature style,
And meagre Shadow; Names too vile
And much unfit for thee, whose ev'ry Part
Lays stronger Chains upon the Heart,

And

And binds with sweeter Force, than all
That mortal Lovers Beauty call,
Tho' heighten'd much by Fancy, and help'd by Art
Through the false perspective of Hate
They look'd, who hollow Cheeks in thee espy'd.
And Mouth for ever open, grinning wide,
With deep sunk Eyes, and Nose down levell'd flat.
Thou 'rt lovely all; no Virgin e'er
Smil'd so sweet, or look'd so fair,
Save she whose heav'nly Womb Man's ruin did re-
The Charms and Graces which we find (pair.
Dispersed here and there in Woman kind,
Are all united, and sum'd up in thee,
Beauties rich Epitome.
Oh! that in this thou would'st not too
That peevish Sex out-do,
Flying the more from Men, the more they woe

V.

Truth is, thou once wast such as we
Fond timorous Men suspect thee still to be.

Thy

Thy Look was Terrible, and justly might
The most resolved Heart affright,
Unable to endure the ghastly Sight,
And on thy gloomy Eye lids sate eternal Night.
But now thy looks are mended: now in thee
No Terrour nor Deformity,
But Friendliness and Love is all we see.
The Blood that issu'd from my Saviour's Side
By strange Transfusion fill'd each Vein
Of thine with such a noble Tide,
That thou'rt grown fresh and young again;
Young as the Morn, Fresh as a Virgin-bride.
The Roses which thy Cheek adorn,
Were there transplanted, from the Thorn
Which on his sacred Head did grow:
His Innocence did deck
Thy Hands and Neck
With Beds of Lilies whiter far than Snow.
Thy Shaft which was of old
Headed with baleful Lead, he tip'd with Gold,

It

It touch'd his precious Heart,
And ſtraight new Virtue drew, to dart
Not Death, but Life and Joy inſtead of Smart.
And ever ſince, thou'rt lovely grown;
Since then, thy charming Face has ſhone
With borrow'd Grace and Beauty, not thine own.

VI.

Thy Nature thus being chang'd 'tis fit
Thy Name ſhould likewiſe change with it.
And ſo it is; Thy Chriſtian Name is Reſt,
Sweet Reſt, whoſe balmy Hand at Night repairs
The vital Sp'rits, and Strength, which Day
And painful Labour waſte away:
Of all God's Gifts the ſofteſt, and the beſt
The fruitful Womb of Peace, the Tomb of Grief and Cares.
But yet, 'twixt other Reſts and thee there lies
This diff'rence: they give Short, thou Laſting Joys.
They make us abler to endure
The long Diſeaſe of Life, thou the Diſeaſe doſt cure.

Our

Our tender Hearts, which the fierce Vulture, Pain
Devoureth, they restore to feel fresh Wounds again;
But when thy Pow'r is o'er,
To Grief and Labour we return no more:
Of everlasting Peace and Joy thou art the Door.
Eternal Life we cannot gain but by
Thy Gift and Liberality,
And he that hopes to live, must wish to die.

VII.

This Hope it is that now my Heart doth move,
For truly (that I may no Flatt'rer prove)
Thy Goods, O gentle Death, not thee I love.
I would not perish like a Beast:
To thee and all the World I here protest.
No such unmanly Thought e'er came within my Breast.
My Wishes are more gen'rous than to be
Reduced to my First *Non-entity*:
I would not be unmade, but made anew by thee.

I thee, as Men rich Widows do,
Not for thy self, but for thy Portion woe:
Nor shouldst thou ever hear of Love from me,
Were I not sure e'er long to bury thee,
That by thy Spoils enrich'd I may arise
More glorious Banns to solemnize,
And change thy cold Love for a nobler Flame,
The Nuptials of th' eternal Lamb.

JUDITH.

I.

SPeak, Muse, whom wilt thou sing?
What mighty Man, what King,
Upon the Stage what Hero wilt thou bring,
To act his Part o'er once again,
In such impetuous Numbers, as shall make
His hearers (as his En'mids did) to quake?
No, no; my Muse will not this Subject take.

She'll meddle not with men
Too long already they have been
The flatter'd Theme of the Pindarique Pen.
The fair and gentle Sex
With barb'rous Spight to vex
Their spleenful Tongues while others bend,
My grateful and more gen'rous Muse
(Like virtuous Knights of old) a nobler Task will (chuse,
Wrong'd and abus'd Ladies to defend.

A Woman she will sing, whose matchless worth
The best of Men must gladly Copy forth,
If ever they expect to have their Name
Recorded in the Rolls of never-dying Fame.

II.

Begin, begin, and strike the Lyre
Teach all the World great *Judith* to admire,
Judith who in that Hand a Fauchion bore
Which a Distaff held before;
Who bought the Safety of her native Town,
With the Danger of her own;

Whose

Whose conq'ring Eyes th' *Assyrian* Tyrant spoil'd
Of his proud Hopes, and all his shining Glories
soyl'd.

The fairest, and the chastest of her kind,
(Two Epithets, that are but seldom joyn'd,
Unless for some great Work by Heav'n design'd)
And with these Female Gifts, Courage and Wit
combin'd,

Which we Male-Virtues call'd till then,
And thought them proper to us Men.
Judith all these together brought,
And self-conceited Men a better Judgment taught,
More fair and good than ev'ry she,
More bold and wise than ev'ry he:
A Miracle she was, greater than that she wrought.

III.

Her mourning Habit laid aside,
Which ne'er was done 'till now, since good *Manasses* (dy'd,
She drest her self in all her Gaity and Pride,
Not like a drooping Widow, but a sprightful Bride.

And to her nat'ral Beauty did impart
Some little needless help of Art.
Her Skin she washes, and she curls her Hair,
Her Head a Bonnet set with sparkling Gems doth bear,
Upon her Arms, her Fingers, and her Ears
She Bracelets, Rings, and Jewels wears,
And Silver Slippers on her feet.
Arm'd weakly (one would think) a mighty Host to meet:
But naked Beauty has a stronger Force
Than armed Bands of Foot, and Troops of Horse.
Thus arm'd, the Gen'rals Heart she'll captive lead;
His Heart she first will take, and then his Head.

IV.

Thus drest, tow'rds the proud Gen'rals Tent,
The Widow and her Maid with dil'gent Footsteps went:
Bethulia's Elders wonder'd she would go
So late, so drest, attended so:
They wonder'd, but they fear'd no ill intent;
Her

Hee well-known Piety and Innocence
Againſt Suſpicion were a ſtrong Defence.
But on ſecure th' Heroic Lady goes,
Nor fears ſhe ought amidſt the armed Foes;
So bold is Beauty, when her Strength ſhe knows.
And now the Guards upon her Seize,
And to the Gen'ral carry their fair Prize:
The Sight his wanton Fancy much doth pleaſe;
He makes his Soul a Slave to her imperious Eyes.
And ſwears, if with her Love ſhe him will crown,
He'll think't a nobler Triumph than the vanquiſh'd (Town.
The Souldiers round his Tent do Crowd
Their Wonder makes them inſolent and rude,
And thus they boldly cry aloud,
Happy *Hebrews*! happy they
Who 'mbrace ſuch Beauties ev'ry day!
Come on, brave Hearts, let's make the Town ſubmit
That ev'ry one of us may ſuch a Miſtreſs get.
Fond Fools, rejoyce not that to you ſhe's fled. 2 King. 19. 35.
Your Fathers were of old by an Angel viſited

But 'twas to kill: expect the like Fate you,
For this is a destroying Angel too.

V.

Tell me what made thee leave this Town,
Said *Holophernes* 'twixt a Smile and Frown
(The Smile to her, to th' Town the Frown he gave)
This Town that dares me to out-brave,
And 'gainst my Two great Gods so vainly boast,
Th' *Assyrian* Monarch, and this num'rous Host?
She softly answer'd with a virtuous Lie,
That *Isr'el's* God his People would forsake,
Because by strong necessity compell'd,
His rev'rend Laws they had agreed to break,
And eat such things as were by strict Command withheld.
That she their Sin and Punishment to flie,
Had fled for Safety to his Princely Aid:
Nor should the noble Favour be unpaid,
For she would undertake to shew
The Season when and Manner how
These desp'rate *Hebrews* he might best subdue.

VI

She ſpake, and by their Looks perceiv'd
Her Tale was readily believ'd,
Which made her bold thus to proceed and ſay,
Wherefore, great Prince, I beg that with your leave I may
Each Night go forth without the Camp to pray;
For then my God to whom
Fervent Devotions I do daily pay,
Will tell me when *Bethulia*'s Day is come.
Then I, dread Sir, your valiant Troops will head
And through the Heart of *Paleſtina* lead,
And none ſhall dare to draw a Sword at them,
Until all Labours over-paſt,
This Hand your peaceful Throne have plac'd
Within the Walls of ſack'd *Jeruſalem*.
While thus ſhe pleads, he gazes on her Face,
Admires her Wit, and Beauty, and the Grace
Of her enchanting Words, and drinks down Love apace.

His Heart is wounded, inwardly he burns,
And for her ſake a Party-Convert turns,
If this be true (ſaid he)
And if thy God and thou perform all this for me,
He ſhall my God, and thou my Goddeſs be.
No other Deity I'll ſerve, but thine, and thee.

VII.

For Joy he makes a royal Feaſt,
And beauteous *Judith* is his Gueſt.
The golden Cups are crown'd,
And *Judith*'s Health goes round.
With Flames of Wine he nouriſheth Love's Fire:
Drunkenneſs doubles his Deſire.
At laſt the Company retire,
Leaving their envi'd Gen'ral to his Reſt,
And (as they thought) to a more delicious Feaſt,
For Love, (that wanton *Epicure*) by luſcious Beauty dreſt.
He trebly drunk, with Joy, and Wine and Love
Does from the Table to the Bed remove:

The Bed, the Table, and the Tent turn round,
With misty Fumes his Brain is drown'd,
And his weak Sight
Doubles the Light;
Their Watch his Senses cannot keep
(Such Dangers ever do attend
The Man whom drunken Guards defend)
Their Master is by them betray'd t' a deadly Sleep.

VIII.

Sleep *Holophernes*, sleep thy last:
For when this Slumber once is past,
Over thy Head his downy Wing shall never more be cast.
The Bed, whereon thou next shalt lie,
Will be a Bed of Flames, that never can expire,
Of Flames more hot & smoaky than thy lustful Fire,
And Death will then appear a welcome Remedy;
But thou (alas!) must never die.
The Devils roaring, and the Groans
Of damned Souls, and thine own Pains and Moans,

The

The Clank of Chains, the Whips unpleasant Noise,
The laughing Fury's dismal Voice
All hope of Slumber from thine Eyes will take,
And ever, ever keep thy weary Soul awake,

IX.

Thus while in Sleep the Gen'ral buri'd lies
The valiant Dame comes softly to the Bed,
And takes the Fauchi'n from her Lover's Head,
And, lifting up to Heav'n her faithful Eyes,
Now help me, O my God (said she) and now
Thy promis'd Mercy to thy People show.
Then up she lifts her Arm, and strikes a Blow
Upon his Neck with all her might,
(An unseen Angel guides the Blow aright)
Out Blood, and Wine, and Life, together mingled flow.
A second Time she lifts her mighty Hands
(The Angel ready by her stands)
And with that Stroak his Soul is severed
From's Body, and his Body from his Head.

This

This done, the ſubtle Conqueror goes apace
Through all the Guards upon Pretence
Of Prayer, and unſuſpected carries thence
Their Maſter's Head, the *Hebrew* Tow'rs to grace.
What Tongue can tell th' excuſs of Joy, which then
Ov'rflow'd the Hearts of ſav'd *Bethulia's* Men?
The Mouths which heretofore with Thirſt were dri'd,
Found Moiſture now their inward Joy to vent
And Eyes, which all their Stock had ſpent,
While they the publick Danger did lament,
Pump'd up freſh Tears of Gladneſs, when they ſpi'd
In *Judith's* Hand, the Tyrant's Head,
Who all their Sorrows, and their Fears had bred.
Nor was their Joy ſecure, and unemploy'd,
But all quick Preparation make,
As ſoon as e'er the early Morn ſhould 'wake,
Their well-appointed Arms to take,
And ſally out upon the careleſs Foe,
Whilſt yet the laſt Nights Fate he did not know.

X.

X.

The Morning come, the Souldiers throng
About the Gen'rals Tent, and think he sleeps too long;
With waiting tir'd, at last they ope the Door;
And lo! their Duke lies Headless on the Floor,
His Corps all wallowed in Dirt and Gore
And lo! an hideous Crie through all the Army flies,
Fear, and Despair, and Horror fill the Place:
Nothing appears in ev'ry Face,
But Wonder, Paleness, and Surprize.
Such, I believe, but more amazing far
Will the Face of things appear,
Such Trembling and Astonishment will come
On sinful Wretches at the Day of Doom,
When Earth shall from the Center start, and all Rev. 6. 12. &c.
The blasted Stars like unripe Figs shall fall.
Torn from the Sphere, as Fruit by Tempest from the Tree
When the Sun's Lamp obscure and black shall grow

And thrust his Head into eternal Night,
And the Appearance of a greater Light,
And from the Moon (robb'd of her Brothers Sight)
All Beauty shall depart, and Tears of Blood shall flow.
When all the Orbs of Heaven untun'd shall be,
And like a Parchment Scroll
Which Men together roll,
Crackle, and shrink on heaps amidst the Fire,
Wherein the aged World's proud Fabrick must expire,
And when the Sea shall boyl, and from her Bosom throw
The Islands she embraces now.
When Nature's self shall feel Death's inward Pain,
And Rocks and Mountains shall be implor'd in vain
To shelter guilty Souls from that devouring Flame
Which burns before the Presence of the now despised Lamb.

XI.

Hold, hold, audacious Muse, forbear to wrong,
This mighty Day with thy bold Tongue.

Whisper

Whither has this great Heat transported thee?
Call in thy unruly Heat, which hath digres'd so long;
And let this dreadful Judgment be
The daily Bus'ness of my Thoughts, more than my Song.

Return we to th' *Assyrian* Camp, and view
The sad Effects that Wine and Lust ensue.
While thus amaz'd they stand, and no man knew
Or what to say, or what to do,
In, like fierce lightning, Lo! the *Hebrews* flew.
The Torrent of whose direful Rage
Nor struggling can repel, nor yielding can assuage.
For like a mighty Wind,
Which scatters, or o'erthrows with violent Force
Whatever stops the Passage of his haughty Course.
With no less fury they
Whoe'er they find without Distinction slay.

IX

Revenge, as well as Love is blind,
It sees no Cause of Reverence, nor of being kind:
Princes and common Souldiers heap'd together lay.
In vain some for their Lives do fight,

Others

Others as vainly flie:

Death overtakes these in their Flight,

And th' others stay to die.

They flie; their furnish'd Tents behind them stay.

To th' *Israelites* a joyful Prey,

Who in *Assyrian* Blood dy'd Red their Holy day.

XII.

Return my Muse, leave now the bloody Field,

And let thy tuneful Strings a softer Musick yield;

Return to *Israel's* joyful Sons, and sing

How to the Temple they their vowed Offrings bring,

The Altar with bright Flames is beautifi'd,

Whole Hecatombs of chosen Bullocks fri'd,

And Clouds of Incence to the Skies

Perfum'd with grateful Praises rise.

And now where's beauteous *Judith*, where

To take her due and mighty Share?

In this great solemn Feast of Victory

Wrought by her conqu'ring Hand, and more prevailing Eye?

Look

Look there, and you a charming Troop shall 'spie,
Such as no show that e'er you saw can vie,
Of beaut'ous Maids and Matrons a bright Galaxie.
See, see how *Judith*'s Star above the rest aspires!
She shines like *Cynthia* 'mongst the lesser Fires!
Lo! in what decent Pride the now glad Widow stands!
A Crown of Olive on her Head she wears,
And the glad Name of *Isr'el*'s Saviour hears.
The Women round her dance with Branches in their Hands,
And a triumphant Song they sing,
As once they did to *Isr'el*'s destin'd King;
For she to her ten Thousands may be said,
T'have slain in cutting off the Army's Head.
Behind the Men of *Isr'el* joyful go,
All armed, not for Battel, but for show,
And as they march along thus to her Praise
Their cheerful Voices raise.

XIII.

XIII.

Hail, guardian Angel of old *Isr'el's* Seed,
The Stock of faithful *Abraham*,
To whom the Promise of Salvation came,
Which now our joyful Eyes have seen fulfil'd indeed
Much we have seen: but yet our Sons shall see
Much more than we:
For greater Things are breeding in the Womb
Of Time to come.
Hail *Judith*, t' whom, next to kind Heav'n we owe
That thus triumphantly we go,
Nor fear th' Insultings of a conqu'ring Foe.
Such Fruit thy Beauty 's born, as never grew
Upon that Stock, 'till now.
Beauty's destroy'd Towns oft, and may do more:
Never did Beauty save a Town before.
'Tis thou that hast improv'd its Fruit
By grafting it on Virtue's noble Root.
Ah! how unlike to thine, how far less fair
Is that which other Ladies bear!

Thou Freedom giv'ſt to all: they Fools enſlave,
Their Beauty boaſts to kill, but thine to ſave.
Their Eyes to Comets may be liken'd well,
Whoſe direful Beams approaching Plagues foretel:
Thine, like the gracious Sun, diſpence
Health and Beauty, Life and Senſe,
And chear the World by their kind Influence.
Shine Beaut'ous *Judith*; for no Light
Like thine, will ever glad our ſight,
Until the Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
The true and living Light, to bleſs our Heart and Eyes.

VIRGILIUS EVANGELIZANS.

A

POEM

UPON

Christmas-Day.

In Imitation of the

Fourth Eclogue of VIRGIL,

Entitled,

POLLIO.

A

POEM

on

Christmas-Day.

In Imitation of the

Fourth Eclogue of VIRGIL,

Entitled,

POLLIO.

THE PREFACE.

THe Fourth Eclogue of Virgil, *taken by him out of* Sibylla's *Oracles, containeth a famous Prediction, concerning the Birth of our blessed Saviour (which was then at hand) and the Benefits of his Incarnation, together with the State of his Church, until the Restitution of all things. Which the Poet not understanding, nor imagining that a Person so extraordinary could arise any where but among the* Romans, *applies to* Saloninus *the Son of* Pollio, *then newly born; or as I rather think, to some young Infant of the Imperial Family: for he would hardly ascribe so great a Kingdom, and such mighty Acts to a private Person, for fear of displeasing* Augustus, *on whose Line all Power and Greatness was by the Flattery of Courtiers entailed for ever.*

I have here endeavoured to rectifie Virgil's *Mistake, and restore this excellent Poem to its right owner: there being several things in it, which cannot, with any shew of Truth, be applied to any Per-*

son, but the Son of God. And herein I have taken the Liberty (which the Poet, I suppose did with the Prophetess) to leave out some things, to add others, and by a Paraphrase to make the Sense more plain and easie. Yet the Reader will find very little in the Translation, that is not hinted in the Original, which will appear, if any Man will take the Pains to confer them together.

Tho' Virgil *was not so happy as to understand his own Verses, yet in After times the reading of them did incline several Persons to the Christian Faith, and the Primitive Fathers made use of them, to convince the Pagans, that a* Messias, *a King from Heaven, a Restorer of all things was promised by* God, *and about that time expected by Men.*

Thus God left not himself without Witness, even amongst the Gentiles, *tho' through their Pride and Ignorance they misapplied the Intimations given them from Heaven.*

VIR-

VIRGIL *Eclog.* 4.

I.

SIcelides Musæ paulo majora canamus:
Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesq; myricæ
Si canimus Sylvas, Sylvæ sint Consule dignæ,
Ultima Cumæi venit jam Carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro Seclorum nascitur ordo.
Jam redit & virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna.
Jam nova Progenies Cœlo demittitur alto,
Tu modo nascenti Puero, quo Ferrea primum
Desinet, ac toto surget Gens aurea mundo,
Casta fave Lucina: tuus jam regnat Apollo.

II.

Teq; adeo, Decus hoc ævi, te Consule inibit,
Pollio, & incipient magni procedere Menses.
Te Duce, siqua manent Sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent Formidine Gentes.

Ille Deum vitam accipiet, Divisq; videbit
Permistos Heroas, & ipse videbitur illis,
Pacatumq; reget Patriis virtutibus Orbem.

III.

At tibi prima, Puer, nullo Monuscula cultu
Errantes Ederas passim cum Baccare Tellus
Mistaq; ridenti Colocasia fundet Acantho.
Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta Capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta Leones.
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent Cunabula Flores,
Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba Veneni
Occidet, Assyrium vulgo nascetur Amomum.

IV.

At simul Heroum Laudes, & Facta Parentum
Jam legere, & quæ sit poteris cognoscere Virtus,
Molli paulatim flavescet Campus Aristâ,
Incultisq; rubens pendebit sentibus Uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida Mella.

V.

Pauca tamen ſuberunt priſcæ veſtigia Fraudis,
Quæ tentare Thetin ratibus, quæ cingere muris
Oppida, quæ jubeant, telluri infindere ſulcos.
Alter erit tum Typhis, & altera quæ vehat Argo
Delectos Heroas; erunt etiam altera Bella,
Atq; iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.

VI.

Hinc ubi jam firmata Virum te fecerit ætas,
Cedet & ipſe Mari vector, nec nautica Pinus
Mutabit merces; omnis ferit omnia Tellus.
Non raſtros patietur Humus, non vinea Falcem,
Robuſtus quoq; jam Tauris juga ſolvet Arator.
Nec varios diſcet mentiri Luna Colores;
Ipſe ſed in pratis Aries jam ſuave-rubenti
Murice, jam croceo mutabit vellera Luto.
Sponte ſua ſandyx paſcentes veſtiet agnos.
Talia ſecla ſuis dixerunt currite fuſis.
Concordes ſtabili Fatorum numine Parcæ.

VII.

VII.

Aggredere, ô magnos (aderit jam Tempus) honores.

Chara Deum ſoboles, magnum Jovis Incrementum,
Aſpice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terraq; tractuſque Maris, Cœlumq; profundum!
Aſpice venturo lætentur ut omnia ſeclo!
O mihi tam longe maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus, & quantum ſat erit tua dicere Facta,
Non me Carminibus vincet, nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus; huic Mater quamvis, atq; huic Pater adſit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formoſus Apollo.

Virgilius Evangelizans, &c.

I.

ENough of Rural Things, my Muse,
The lowly Shrubs and Bushes of the Field
To all an equal Pleasure do not yield.
'Tis Time for thee a nobler Theam to chuse;
Or if of Woods thou still do sing,
Let them be such Woods as are
Worthy of a Consuls Care.
Enough my Muse, of Love and Woman-kind.
Take now thy Lute and to it bind
A loud and everlasting String,
And make the joyful News through the wide World to ring.
The golden Age is come that shall unfold
Sibylla's mystick Oracles of old.
Behold! at last the heav'nly Maid is come,

Whose long-expected Fruit shall bless us all,
And from the Regions of high Heav'n recall
The Days of Paradise before the Fall.
See, how her chast and sacred Womb
Does with Seed immortal swell!
From Heav'n the best Conception did descend,
May Angels at their Master's Birth attend, S. Luke 2. 13, 14.
And to Mankind the welcome Tidings tell,
That by the Merit of this high-born Child
The ancient Enmity is now exil'd,
And God and Man are reconcil'd;
Peace on the Earth through him, the Prince of Peace doth dwell.

II.

Thou *Pollio* thou shalt surely see
This Darling of Manking, the World's Desire: Hag. 2. 7.
For yet before thy Consul-ship expire
The wond'rous Things shall be perform'd, that are foretold by me.
For now the Womb of Time so big is grown,

It cannot long the ripen'd Birth with hold:
A new Account of Years comes marching on,
The Iron Age will soon improve to Gold.
Come, blessed Infant, whom high Heav'n ordains
The promis'd Renovation to begin;
'Tis thou must wash away the Stains
And Footsteps of Orig'nal Sin,
And ease Man-kind of all the Fears they now are in.
A Life divine thou on the Earth shalt lead
Amidst thy Saints conversing Face to Face,
A Priviledge not giv'n 'till now to human Race.
Upon thy Foes thy Foot shall tread:
Thou thy great Father's Gift the World shalt sway,
And all the Kingdoms of the Earth thy Scepter shall obey. *Psal.* 2. 8, 9.

III.

In Honour of thy Birth, the Earth untill'd
All kinds of Sovereign Herbs, and smiling Flow'rs shall yield.
Roses and Lilies of their own accord
Shall grow about the Cradle of their Lord.

All

All Creatures in thy Service shall agree;
The Kine shall dutifully bring
Their well fill'd Bottles to their Infant King, *Is.* 7. 15.
And thou shalt suck the free-will Offrings of the Bee
'Twixt tame and savage Beasts there shall remain
No diff'rence in thy peaceful Reign, *Isai.* 11. 6. &c.
The Kids with Wolves shall safely dwell,
And Lambs sleep boldly in the Leopard's Cell,
The Flocks shall feed secure, and for thy sake
The Lion and the calf shall Leagues of Friendship make.
Nay, Man more savage yet than these, *Isa.* 2. 4.
Shall lay aside the Thoughts of War;
The sound of Trumpets then shall cease,
No loud Alarums shall disturb Man's ease;
But *Janus* Gates an universal Peace shall bar.
Th' old Serpent's Head shall bruised be, *Gen.* 3. 15.
And all his Poison taken out by thee,
No Herbs of painful Nature shall be found;
But rich *Assyrian* Odours then shall grow on ev'ry Ground.

IV.

IV.

But as in Strength and Stature thou shalt grow,
Thy Fame shall new Advances make:
Whatever ancient Prophets spake
Thou shalt not only answer but out-do.
The Virtues of thy Royal Line,
Which in the sacred Books so clearly shine,
Shall be obscur'd and over-cast by thine:
As less illustrious Stars slip out of sight,
When once the Sun steps forth all clad in golden Light.
The cursed Earth, which like a Desert lies,
A barren and unlovely Land,
Into a fair and fruitful Paradise
Shall be reformed by thy skilful Hand.
Thy precious Seed in ev'ry Field
A manifold Encrease shall yield.
The Wood's wild Plants shall feel thy Pow'r divine,
Their Nature thou shalt change, their Fruit refine,
And bid the rugged Thorn become a noble Vine.

On

On Brambles thou the purple Rose shalt set,
And stubborn Oaks shall store of tastful Honey sweat.

V.

Yet still some Reliques of the Prim'tive Stain
Shall in the Root of tainted Nature lurk,
And countermine thy sacred Work,
Reducing Sin, and Sin's unlucky Fruits again.
The Love of Gold shall yet enslave Man-kind,
And to vexatious Cares and Labours bind.
Some to the toilsom Plough shall yoaked be,
And others travel through the Pathless Sea,
Pride and Ambition still shall reign,
And Princes to the Wars their People train;
And foolish Men their Wits shall stain
T' invent more dreadful Engines still
The Life of Innocents to spill.

VI.

But when thy glorious Body shall receive
It's perfect growth, it's full increase,
All Pain and Labour then shall cease.

The

The Mariner the ſtormy Sea ſhall leave:
Of Traffick there ſhall be no further need,
For ev'ry Land ſhall all things uſeful breed,
With Plough-ſhares torn, the Earth no more ſhall be
The lab'ring Ox ſhall then go free;
Nor ſhall the tender Vine by cutting bleed.
The Dyers feigned Art ſhall uſeleſs lie:
Inſtructed Nature ſhall the Place of Art ſupply.
Thy Flocks ſhall precious Colours freely bear,
Some Azure Wool, and ſome ſhall Scarlet wear.
Soft to the Touch, and to the Eye more fair
Than *Perſian* Silks, or *Tyrian* Hangings are:
And all thy Lambs ſhall yield a golden Fleece,
Richer than that at *Colchos*, ſought by all the Youth of *Greece*.
So Heav'n decrees, ſo Prophecies relate;
This bleſſed Change we all expect from thy reſiſtleſs Fate.

VII.

Come mighty Prince the Time draws near,
Thou, God's beloved Son, Heav'ns shining Crown
Thou Joy of Angels hasten down:
The sinful Earth to visit do not fear;
Thy Presence will create its own Heav'n ev'ry where.
See how the Heav'ns, the Earth, and spacious Sea
Beneath the Weight of Sin and Vanity
Do groan and pant, and long for thee, *Rom. 8. 19. 22.*
Who art ordain'd their great Deliverer to be.
See how they smile with secret Joy,
Stretch forth their Necks, and raise their Heads on high.
O might I live to see that Joyful Day,
When free'd from Sin and Vanity,
Both Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be,
And re-obtain their sweet and ancient Liberty!
When the last Fire shall purge their Dross away,
But leave the Substance still behind,

(Like

(Like precious Gold) more rich and more refin'd, 2. S. Pet. 3. 12. 13.

No more obnoxious now to Bondage or Decay.

When, Sin and Malice driven down to Hell,

(Their native Place, their ancient Home,

From whence they never more shall come)

Just Men and meek in endless Bliss on the new Earth shall dwell. Mat. 5. 5.

O might I live thy noble Acts to tell!

Doubtless that glorious Subject will inspire

Thy Servant's Breast with such exalted Fire,

That the blest Spirits, and th' immortal Quire

Shall listen to my Verses, and admire

To hear Angelick Songs breath'd from an human Lyre.

(Like precious Gold) more rich and more refin'd, 2. S. Pet. 3. 12. 13.

No more obnoxious now to Bondage or Decay.

When Sin and Malice driven down to Hell,

(Their native Place, their ancient Home,

From whence they never more shall come)

Jail Men and mock in endless Bliss on the new Earth shall dwell. Mat. 5. 5.

O might I live thy noble Acts to tell!

Doubles that glorious Subject will inspire

Thy Servant's Breast with such exalted Fire,

That the blest Spirits, and th' immortal Quire

Shall listen to my Verses, and admire

To hear Angelick Songs breath'd from an human Lyre.

HICATHRIFT:

DUELLUM,

SIVE

PUGNA Singularis

INTER

Juvenem quendam fortissimum,

Cui NOMEN

HICATHRIFT,

ET

GIGANTEM Ferocissimum,

Qui publicos Agros (vulgò *Marshland Smee*) occupaverat, atque Incolas, magnâ cum bonorum jacturâ sedes suas mutare coegerat.

Vicit amor Patriæ —— —

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Vicit amor Patriæ ——

HICATHRIFT.

ILLE ego, qui molli nuper labefactus amore
Carmina deflevi teneris placitura puellis,
Securus Famæ, & nil pulchræ Laudis avarus:
Consilia in melius referens nunc lætor amarum
Excussisse jugum Cervice; novoq; Furore
Afflatus non jam venerem, sed fervida martis
Arma, virumq; cano, Patriam qui primus ab Hoste
Eripuit, capitisq; sui discrimine Postem
Depulit à Sociis; magnum & memorabile factum,
Nostra suas dignè Laudes si dicere possit
Musa, nec ingenium superent certamina tanta.
Non procul urbe jacet Lennâ ditissima frugum, *Lan.*
Et pecorum Regio; veteres haud nomine vano
(Quippe Mari juxta Madidam) dixere Palustrem. *Marshland*

Oceani (ut prohibent) ereptam faucibus olim
Romani valido cinxerunt aggere Terram,
Quem sumptu nimio, magnoq; labore Nepotes
Sufficiunt, Pelagique minas tali arte repellant:
Ni facerent, ruptis subitò (sua jura reposcens)
Irrueret Portis, pecudesq; domosq; per undas
Spargeret, atq; iterum qua nunc armenta vagantur,
Pasceret immanes Proteus sub Gurgite Phocas.
Hujus ad occiduam fundit se plurima partem *The Smeth, vulgò the Smee.*
Planicies, spacio lateq; extenditur amplo.
Vere novo, quando aura tepet, Zephyriq; benigni
Aspirant, Flores varios & Graminis herbam
Sponte sua felix, nulloq; subacta colono
Fundit humus, pariter Nares ac Lumina pascens.
Hic jucunda apibus Cerinthe, hic aurea floret
Primula, quæq; nives superant candore recentes
Lilia, cum violis & purpureo Narcisso.
Hos inter vario Pecudes certamine ludunt,
Innocuæ pascuntur oves; pulchræq; juvencæ

In fera sollicitant animosos Prælia Tauros,
Lambit eum glaucâ præcinctus arundine ripas
Ousa pater, pecori qui fundit pocula læto.
Deniq; tota nitet, Cœlo gratissima, & omnes
Exuperat longè terras: jam frigida Tempe
Amplius haud jactent Authores Carmine, jamq;
Desinat Elysios mirari Græcia campos.
Ast olim deserta situ, multoq; jacebat
Obruta squallore, & sylvestribus horrida dumis
Nec pecori Pastum, nec iter præbebat eunti.
Quiqpe ferunt illic (si ritè audita recordor)
Immanem sibi speluncas posuisse Gigantem,
Exortum (ut memorant) sævorum sanguine Fratrum,
Qui conjurati Cœlum rescindere, montes
Montibus augebant, donec dubitare Deum Rex
Inciperet (Pulsi nam conscius ille Parentis
Nè Cœlum eriperent, male partáq; Regna timebat.)
Non glebam rastris domuit, nec pascere tauros,
Lanigerosve greges agitare, hirtasve capellas
Cura fuit: verum ex alieno vivere, fidens

Viri-

Viribus ipſe ſuis, operaſq; ſolebat agreſtum
Diripere immittis, & opimas vertere prædas.
Ah! Quoties læras ſegetes (ſua vota) colonus
Calcari vidit, vel in horrea abire Tyranni!
Ah! Quoties abigi taurorum corpora paſtor
Balantumq; greges, abjectâ, flevit, avenâ!
Diffugiunt populi confeſtim, & dulcia linquunt.
Arva, nec aſſuetis ſeſe committere tipis
Audent; ſed longis repetunt ambagibus Urbes,
Qua via tuta patet. Tantus timor occupat omnes.
Non tulit hoc Monſtrum, nec de regione viarum
Deflecti notâ voluit Mavortius Heros,
Angligenûm Decus, ipſum Hicathriſt cognomine dicunt.
Hic Patriæ damnis, Laudumq; cupidine tactus
Accipit ingentes animos, in utrumq; paratus,
Seu terris (modo Dii faveant) avertere peſtem
Infandam, ſeu præſenti ſuccumbere morti.
At non armatus clypeo, non ille bipennem
Cælatam tulit argento, galeamve nitentem
Aptavit capiti, neq; ſic ad prælia venit,

Sed

Sed vultum Aurigæ induitur, vocemq;, coloremq;
Et crassum filo sagulum, manibusq; flagellum
Increpitans, egit deserta per avia Plaustrum.
Sic prodibat, equos sonituq; manuq; lacessens,
Castigatq; moras, vocem cum protinus hausit
Ætnæus Frater, lato qui forte sub antro
Carpebat somnos, epulis expletus inemptis.
Quin statim exiluit, telumq; immane coruscans,
Ingens, arboreum (quod vix cervice subirent
Sex Juvenes lecti) Puero obveniebat inermi,
Quem prior aggreditur dictis, sicq; increpat ultró.
Quisquis es, audacem qui nostra ad mænia gressum
Dirigis, & placidam turbâsti voce quietem,
Haud impunè feres: Hæc te mox virga doceblit
(Sed nimium serò) nostrum irritare furorem.
Ah demens! Quæ te ceperunt tædia vitæ?
Huc ades, ut primo contusum verbere corpus
Projiciam canibus, nigroq; fluentia tabo
Membra feræ rapiant volucres, & viscera lambant.

Sic

Sic ait, insultans, dextrâq; hastilia quassat.
Horrisona; ex oculis creber micat acribus ignis,
Ast Hicathrift vultum horendum, vocesq; superbas
Miratus stupet, atq; oculos per singula volvit;
Nunc caput aspiciens torvum, durosq; lacertos,
Nunc latos humeros, magna ossa, pedumq; columnas.
Tum sic intrepidus, Quis te miser impie vanas
Edocuit jactare minas, nondumq; peracto
Bello, immaturos temerè celebrare triumphos?
Si genus Humanum temnas, at magna Potestas
Te Cœli moveat: Non huc sine numine Divûm
Advenio vindex, quos tu, scelerate, malignis
Exagitas odiis, Lentosq; impellis ad iras.
Quo moriture, ruis? nec te tua Dextera, nec te
Eripiet, Spelunca alto submota recessu.
Dixit, & evertit plaustrum, lavâque revulsam
Corripuit (mora nulla) Rotam; dextramq; replevit
Pro Gladio, non hos Axis fabricatus in usus.

Jam-

Jamq; ineunt Pugnas. Extemplo arrectus uterq;
Conſtitit in digitos, & brachia tollit ad auras,
Inq; vicem cædunt, miſcentur & ictibus ictus.
Mobilitate Puer ſuperabat, viribus impar:
Arte minor, ſed mole Gigas membríſq; valebat.
Heu! quantas dedit ille minas, & vulnera frendens
Irrita! Quippe Rotæ clypeo promptiſſimus Heros
Excipit objecto, numerataq; reddidit Axe.
Attoniti longè tauri ſtant (furta Tyranni)
Immemer herbarum ſtat Bucula, prælia longè
Horreſcens, retrò fugit ipſe exterritus Amnis.
Anceps Pugna diu; nec cui fortuna faveret
Certum: ſed nunc hic melior, nunc ille viciſſim.
At Puero tandem lætis victoria pennis
Advolat, & curas ſolvit: vim ſuſcitat ira,
Atq; iram pudor, & tam ſegnis Palma pudorem
Suffundit cupienti. Ergò amens vulnere denſo
Hoſtem conturbat, trepidumq; agit æquore toto.
Nec mora, nec requies: Quàm multi littora fluctus

Inſani

Insani feriunt, Hicathrist tot fortiter ictus
Sparsit utraq; manu pugnans, fuditq; Gigantem.
Ac velut annosam siquis de montibus ornum
Eruat aut Quercum, nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc
Et tandem crebris cadit icta securibus arbor;
Dant gemitum Campi: vasto sic pondere Cyclops
Concidit & rabido tellurem dente momordit.
Accurrit Juvenis lapso, & vi servidus instat,
Congeminatq; ictus; fuso simul arva cerebro
Inficit: Ast ille solvuntur frigore membra,
Atq; anima horrificum pavitans descendit in ornum.

JOSEPH.

GEN. 39.

I.

NOT the *Pellean* Conquerour,
To whose insatiate restless Mind
The spacious Globe too narrow did appear;
It made him sweat to be so close confin'd;

Not

Nor mighty *Cesar* will I sing,
Who did so many warlike Nations bring
Under the *Roman* Eagle's tow'ring Wing.
Rough Wars, and bloody Battles seem
For gentle Verse no proper Theme:
The peaceful Muse, believe me, can't rejoyce
To hear the barb'rous Drum, or the shrill Trumpet's Voice.
Nor can the World Two Things so 'nlike afford
(With Contrarieties tho' richly stor'd)
As are the Poet's Pen, and Tyrant's Sword.

II.

Since Kings and Emperours thou dost refuse,
I'll teach thee, my Pindarique Muse,
What fitter Subject thou shalt chuse:
Let virtuous *Joseph* move thy tuneful Strings;
A greater Man than Emperours and Kings;
Joseph, who o'er himself a Conquest made,
And by his own Affections was obey'd.
Who subdu'd Vanity and Pride,
And the whold World of Passions else beside.

Who

Who made the Rebel Luſt to Virtue yield,
And chas'd the Tyrant Beauty from the Field,
A bolder Labour than the fam'd *Alcides* ever try'd;
Or all thoſe royal Monſters, who amidſt the ſtate
And glories of their proſp'rous Fate
Were Slaves themſelves, and very meanly Great:
Who baſely did to Woman-kind ſubmit,
And when with equal Guilt and Toil
Of many Lands they'd reap'd the Spoil,
They laid all down at an imperious Harlot's feet.
This Bondage noble *Joſeph* ſcorn'd,
A Youth by God and Nature ſo adorn'd
With rich variety of Grace,
That born he ſeem'd of heav'nly Race,
So pure his Mind, ſo lovely was his Face.

III.

No ſooner had his Miſtreſs caſt
(A Lady beautiful and young)
Her Eyes on him, but ſhe began to long
The fair and prom'ſing Fruit, (like *Eve*) to taſt.

Yet

Yet for a while ſhe faintly ſtrove
To diſengage her Captive Heart:
Some Striſe there was on either part,
But Paſſion did at length too hard for Virtue prove.
Shall I (ſaid he) forget my nuptial Vows?
Shall I defame my Husband's noble Houſe,
And loſe the Honour of a chaſt and loyal Spouſe?
Shall I debaſe my ſelf, and leave
A Peer of *Egypt*, for an *Hebrew* Slave?
Yet why a Slave? Not his, but Fortune's Sin,
That partial Dame, by whom the beſt
And braveſt Men are moſt depreſs'd,
While the vile Sons of Earth are courted and careſs'd.
Can any Thing ſo Charming, ſo Divine
Come from a low ignoble Origine?
His God-like Beauty, and his Princely Meen
Bear witneſs for him, that he ſprings
From a long Race of ancient Kings:
I'm ſure he well deſerves th'Embraces of a Queen.

Mine is a just and noble Flame:
There's nothing to obstruct my Joys,
There's nothing to condemn my wel-made Choice,
But Priest-craft, out worn Laws, and Honours empty Name.
Well then, th' illustrious Passion I'll obey.
Let Preachers, Laws, and Honour all give way:
Love is a Lord more absolute than they.

IV.

Resolv'd to try, nor doubtful of Success
(Her Wit and Beauty made her confident)
She courts her Servant with a bold Address,
Tells him the Story of her Love,
And all her Charms she does display,
And all her Beauties open lay:
But vain are all her Arts his Inn'cence to betray,
And all her Witchcrafts prove too weak his well-fix'd Mind to move.
More gen'rous Thoughts had prepossess'd
And strongly garison'd his Breast.

His Master's Kindness, and reposed Trust
Were firm Engagements to be just.
All things were his, but only she
That most desired his to be:
But *Joseph* would not taste the One forbidden Tree.
The Love of Virtue, and the Fear of God
So fill'd his Soul with sacred Fire,
They left no room for any lewd Desire.
His purer Flame (as *Moses* wondrous Rod
Th' enchanted Serpents did devour)
Consum'd the other Passions: all their Pow'r
His steady Resolutions mock.
In vain her Courtship she repeats,
In vain she threatens and intreats:
He equally disdains her Flatt'ries, and her Threats.
Her Sighs and Tears are fruitless all;
Those idly blow, these idly fall:
His solid Virtue they no more can shock,
Than Winds and Waves can rend the sure Foundations of a Rock.

V.

Upon what desp'rate Service will not Lust,
When raging grown its blinded Bond-slaves thrust?
His stubborn Heart, so long besieg'd in vain,
That to no Composition would descend,
She now resolves by Force to bend,
And storm the fortress which no Treaty could obtain.
Upon the comely Youth, her furious Hands she cast,
And impudently drew him to the Bed:
Long Time she strove to hold him, but at last,
He broke away, and from the lustful Syren fled.
Go, matchless Youth, glad and triumphant go,
And bind fresh Lawrels round thy Conq'ring Brow:
The Sons of War, who take Delight
To meet their Foes in open Fight,
Less Honour merit than is due to thee
For daring from thine Enemy to flee.
An everlasting Temple to thy Fame
(If such her Pow'r may be) my Muse has vow'd to frame,

And

And in it thou shalt sit enthron'd on high,
Full of Grace and Majesty.
Beneath thy Foot-stool Pride and Lust shall lie,
And all the Passions else, a long Captivity,
Round thy Victorious Head
A Glory shall be spread,
And on a well-wrought Pillar by,
In smooth and noble Verse thy Triumphs shall be (read.

VI.

Enrag'd to find her Labour lost
(A Woman and a Lover to be crost!
She turns from Bad to Worse. Lust quits her Breast
By Anger and Revenge, new Lords, to be possess'd.
She threatens high, and tho' her Love did fail,
She swears her Malice shall prevail.
His Vest, which flying, he had left behind,
She keeps, until her Lord should come
From th' honorable Toil of publick Business, home.
This, this (says she) my Husband's Eyes shall blind,
And the proud *Hebrew* Slave shall quickly find,

That I can be severe as well as kind.
All drown'd in Tears the spiteful Hypocrite
Accuses *Joseph* of that Sin,
Of which herself had guilty been,
And (as his Brethren did before,
Their Treachery to cover o'er)
She shows her Garment to confirm her Spight.
The false Complaint her too fond Husband hears,
Believes her Words, believes her artificial Tears,
Highly commends her feign'd Fidelity,
And in a jealous Rage
(Which nothing could assuage)
Condemns unheard the right'ous Youth
(Regardless of his former Truth)
In a dark Dung'on all his Days to lie.
But God that still protects and loves the Innocent,
To comfort him, from Heav'n an Angel sent.
Blest *Gabriel*, none more kind than he
To men renown'd for Chastity,
Assum'd a Shape (like *Joseph*'s) pure and bright.

The

The dismal Room smil'd with new Beams of Light,
And *Joseph* trembled at the Sight;
Till his Approach the courteous Spirit made,
And, bowing, thus his sacred Message said.

VII.

Hail, peerless Youth, of God belov'd,
Tho' Men and Dev'ls conspire to blast and ruin thee,
Yet Heav'n thy well-try'd Virtue has approv'd,
And thou shalt soon from hence deliver'd be.
Thy Fame, now deeply rooted under ground,
Up to the Skies
Shall shortly rise,
And spread it's flour'shing Branches all around.
Thy Suff'rings and Disgrace shall end with speed,
And Wealth and Glory in their Place succeed.
With Joy unspeakable thou shalt behold
Thy Chain of Iron, chang'd for one of Gold,
And thou who now ly'st in the lowest Pit,
Upon a lofty Throne shalt sit,

Advanc'd on high, next to great *Pharaoh*'s side.
And beauteous *Asenath* shall be thy Bride.
A noble Race thou shalt beget,
And what thy eldest Brother Lost 1 Chr. 5. 1, 2.
By Sin, thy Virtue shall obtain:
The double Portion thou shalt gain,
And Two illustrious Tribes to come from thee shall (boast.
None but *Judah*'s royal Line
T' which ancient Prophecies confine
The great *Messiah*'s Birth, thy Off-spring shall out-(shine.
Thy Father's num'rous Family,
And all the sacred Seed shall be sustain'd by thee.
And when thy glorious Race is run,
Thou shalt to Heav'n translated be,
Where thy pure Eyes shall gladly see Matt. 5. 8.
The blessed Face of God, far brighter than the Sun.
All human Hopes thy Bliss shall there excel,
And with chaste Spirits, like thy self, for ever thou shalt dwell.

Amico suo D. M. F. *Theoriæ Burnetianæ Argumentum.*

TEmpora prima Chaos, Mundi nascentis Origo *Chaos Gen. 1. 2.*
Vendicat. Hinc pulchrum verbo Pater evocat Orbem,
Deliciis Orbem nullâ non parte beatum, *Terra primigenia, sive Paradisus. Gen. 2. 8.*
Quem merito Moses Paradisum nomine dicit.
Hîc Ver perpetuum, florentia Sydera, rerum
Copia, nec magnos metuêre Armenta Leones.
Arcebat longè morbos, & mille per annos
Produxit validam Cœli indulgentia vitam.
Nulli tum Montes, immania Corpora, latis
Incubuêre arvis, nec sublatuêre Cavernæ.
Nec vagus Oceanus tantum Telluris obibat.
Dulcia fæcundos saturabant Flumina Campos,
Et Rorem bibulis hausit radicibus Herba.
Non illis populos terrebant ulla Diebus

Fulmina nec magnis mugitibus horruit Æther.
Nulla satis nocuit Rubigo, aut messibus imbres.
Hybernis placidi paucebant flatibus Euri:
Intrepidè Cœlo caput extulit Arbor, & omnes
Explicuit frondes, & toto Sole potita est.
Nec Bellum, nec Sudor erat. Deus otia fecit:
Longæviq; Patres Pacem Terrámq; colebant.

Degener at soboles, rebus sublata secundis, *Diluvium. Gen. 7. 11.*
Flagitiis armant in sese Numinis iram:
Nam Pater omnipotens, cùm multa diúq; tulisset
(Expectans populos frustrà ad meliora vocatos)
In pœnas tardè justas exarsit, & Orbis
Fornice disrupto, vastam patefecit Abyssum,
Illa locum subitò medium perrupit, & omnem
(Occurrens Nimbis, conjuncto fœdere, sævis)
Fluctibus obduxit Terram, mersitq; Rebelles,

Submotâ tandem, jussu Omnipotentis, Aquæ vi, *Terra hodierna.*
Tristis & informis rerum consurgit imago.
Apparent latè collapsi Rudera Mundi.

Et Chaos antiqui Natura exhorruit Umbram.
Tùm primùm Montes onerârunt pondere Terram
Insolito, horrendæ primum patuêre Lacunæ.
Acceptâq; semel Lucis regione propinquæ,
Abnegat Oceanus tenebrosa revisere Regna:
Pars manet; in cæcum pars retrò est lapsa Barathrum.
Et jam relliquias Ponti, fractiq; Ruinas
Incolimus Mundi, gens dura, & nata Labori.
Terra, ferax olim Mater, nunc deficit, & spem
Agricolæ fallit, Cœlo imprægnata maligno.
Undiq; bella fremunt, Pestes, Incendia, Luctus,
Et male-suada Fames. Nec si percurrere vellem
Nomina pœnarum, quæ secula nostra lacessunt,
Sufficeret longæ vel Lux æstiva Querelæ,
Impietate tamen supremi Funeris ignes *Conflagrabitur. 2 S. Pet. 3. 10, &c.*
Urgemus miseri, & naturæ fata ruentis.
Quippe Mare & Terras, & tot Monumenta Virorum,
Et quicquid vani mortales dulce putamus,
Hauriet una Dies, Flammisq; addicet avaris.

At Phænix primam, redivivus ab igne juventam — *Terra nova, sive Paradisus instauratus.* ibid. v. 13.
Induet, & vultu meliore superbiet Orbis.
Nulla mali suberunt prisci vestigia, Fructus
Sponte feret nova Terra suos, & solis amico
Florescens radio, veterem superabit Edenem.

Ingens effractis, sanctorum turba, sepulchris; — *R. Prima, quæ est Piorum.* Apoc. 20. 5, 6.
Continuo exurget, Rerum quibus Ordo novatus
Serviet. Hi facili ac præsenti numine pleni
Semper adorabunt Agnum, castisq; litabunt
Pectoribus: vacuiq; metu (Serpente ligato — *Ib.* 2, 3.
Nè veteri illudat Paradisi fraude colonis)
Huc illuc, superûm turmis comitantibus, ibunt.

Nil habet hic juris Cerinthi ignava propago,
Quæ Veneri & Baccho male dedita, vivit ad instar — Apoc. 21. 27.
Porcorum: sed erit Mens pura in Corpore puro. — Ephes. 5. 5.
Nec genus æternum Tædis reparabitur ullis; — Luk. 20. 35.
Absumptâ sed morte, tori quoq; desinet usus:

Angelicam cælebs imitabitur Incola vitam.

Hîc decies centum [totos Regnabitur annos *Millennium beatum.* Apo. 20. 6.

Auſpiciis ſub Chriſte, tuis. Queîs deniq; finem

Sortitis, tumulis Gens impia ſurget apertis,

Flebile judicium, ac pænas ſubitura perennes. *R. ſecunda, ſive impiorum.* ibid. v. 12.

Illa quidem mallet dormire in Secula; ſed non

Vindicis ira Dei patitur, neq; Buccina clangens.

Ah! turba infelix, ad vitam reddita Letho

Pejorem, ſemper Moriens, at mortua nunquam!

Intereà Sancti ſedes, Te dante, capeſſent *Æternitas* 1 Cor. 15 24, 28.

Æthereas, vultúq; Dei propiore fruentur.

At tu, nate Deo, rebus jam ritè peractis,

Subjicies tua Regna Patri, qui ſumet Habenas,

Æternúmque reget propriis Virtutibus Orbem.

Hos ego, Marce. tibi (non ficti pignus amoris)

Verſiculos ſcripſi. Nec tu leve deſpice Munus.

Chriſtus abeſt, paſſim dominantur Crimina, ſacris

Nullus

Nullus honor Studiis, nec habet pia Musa Patronum.
Ast eadem vires, Christo veniente, resumet,
Cælicolûmq; sacros meditabitur æmula Cantûs.

Amico suo dilectissimo D. F. I. *de præcedentibus*

POEMATIS.

SOdalis O qui nullius indigus
(Ut numen) uno te frueris, nimis,
Amice, credens te beatum,
Dum vacuâ dominaris Aulâ.
Qui Conjugalis vincla Cubilis, &
Commista sævis Gaudia Jurgiis
Censes Capistrum non ferendum
Nec Laqueum magis extimescis.
Hæc fronte lætâ suscipe Munera,
Quîs te fidelis donat amiculus:
Nec pauperem dives Poetam
Despice nec tenuem Camænam.

Dor-

Dormire tecum, en! Juditha (Fœminas
Odisse quamvis diceris) advolat:
Quid abnegas? ah! quid scelesti
Fata times Holophernis, insons?
Non illa (non si viderit Uvidum)
Nudabit ensem: Guadia tu feres,
Francisce, vanâ quæ Tyrannus
Assyrius sibi mente finxit.
Aut si virorum te capiant magis
Laudes, in Hostem cernis ut Hicathrist:
Assurgat Heros, Patriæq;
Perniciem perimat Gigantem.
Æterna (me ni Musa fefellerit)
Æterna vives secula, publicæ
Salutis Assertor: nepotum
Te series celebrabit omnis.
Non semper unâ volvimur Orbitâ:
Sed nunc amænis serpere vallibus,
Nunc arduâ delectat alâ
Præcipites superare Montes.

Nunc me revolvat mollis Amator, &
Insana discat jura Cupidinis:
Nunc Arma, duros & Labores
Musa docet, dubiúmq; Martem.
Mox Bella damnans, Pacis Originem
Nascente Christo dicere gestio,
Oracla paudens, & Sibyllæ
Carminibus dare Lumen audax.
Quin & Calores spirat amabiles
Mors ipsa: vultum jam nova Purpura,
Me dante, tingit, nec timendum
Amplius est Libitina nomen.
O Musa dulcis! Quas ego gratias
Referre possim? Te Duce, pallidum
Vitabo lethum: tu Sepulchri
Sola potes superare Legem.
Quò Diva, tendis? Desine proprias
Sonare Laudes. Sufficiat tibi
Si fortè missam te libenter
Accipiat, foveatq; Amicus.

FINIS.